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1894



From the Painting]

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF SIX.

[by Fowler.



From the Painting]

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

[by Fowler.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL AT FROGMORE.)

Portraits of Queen Victoria when a Child.

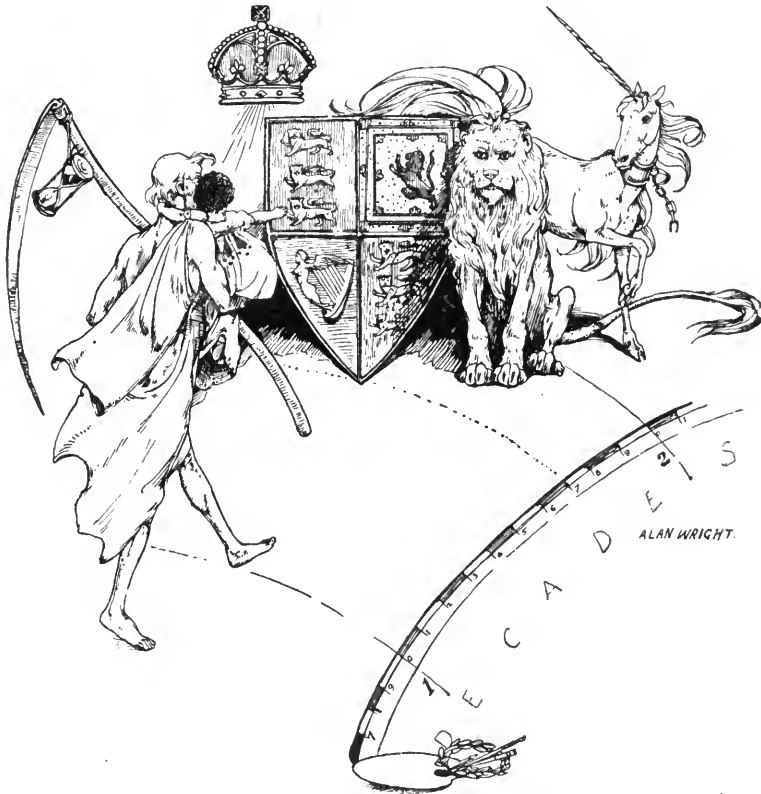
(By gracious permission and approval of Her Majesty the Queen.)

THE two early portraits of the Queen here given make their appearance under somewhat curious circumstances. In the first place, we have to correct an error

which made its way into the description of the Palaces of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which appeared in our July issue. We there reproduced a portrait of a young

child playing with a dog, under the title of "Queen Victoria at the Age of Four," accompanied by the following description by the writer of the article, Miss Spencer-Warren: "Going into another room in the upper part of the house, I find on the wall a painting of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, now our Queen, representing her as a wee child cuddling her favourite dog. This seemed to me to be well worth photographing; carrying one back as it does over a period of seventy years, when the parents of the little Princess scarcely dreamed of the future exalted position their little daughter would be called upon to take." The portrait was pointed out to Miss Spencer-Warren as that of the Princess Victoria by an old retainer of the Castle, who had been charged with the mission of conducting her over the Palace. "Are you certain," asked Miss Spencer-Warren, "that this is a portrait of the Princess Victoria?" "Undoubtedly it is," replied the old gentleman; "I have

lived in the Castle all my life, and my father lived here for thirty years before me, and this picture has always been known as a portrait of the Princess Victoria." Upon this authority Miss Warren photographed the portrait with an easy mind. But, alas for the stability of the best-established legends! When our reproduction of the portrait came to the Queen's notice, Her Majesty at once pronounced it to be a painting by the celebrated French artist, Greuze, who died in 1805—fourteen years before the Queen was born. Her Majesty was so good as to inform us of the fact, and at the same time to give orders that two genuine portraits should be sent to us for reproduction in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. Our readers have therefore the privilege of comparing the portrait which has so long enjoyed an undeserved reputation with the two interesting and valuable portraits here reproduced with the authority of Her Majesty herself.



Illustrated Interviews.

XXXVI.—SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



CENTRAL INDIA HORSE.

Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffman.

sound of coolness and refreshment; a little green lizard ran about the drawing-room wall; outside there was deep stillness, broken only at regular intervals by the bell-like, monotonous note of the "coppersmith" bird. Suddenly a wail of sobbing wind, forcibly recalling to me the sound I have so often heard in a little English church upon the top of some lonely, wind-



WAS seated in a darkened room in the Residency at Gwalior, talking to my host, Col. Donald Robert-

son, to whom, as in the past to his predecessors, Sir Lepel Griffin and Colonel Barr, so much of the prosperity of the vast native state of Gwalior is due. It was a day of blazing heat; the hot wind blew fitfully against the damp tatties, on which now and again the native servant threw buckets of water, which splashed upon the ground with a delicious

swept hill, rushed through the silent house; doors slammed, voices were heard once more, and in another moment the stately "bearer" entered the room, announcing "Maharajah Sahib," who, indeed, followed close upon the servant's heels.

Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior, one of the most powerful princes in India, is a rather tall, stout, broad-shouldered, well-built young fellow of about eighteen years of age. He is very dark, with handsome black eyes full of a certain merry intelligence that invariably wins him friends wherever he goes. Though an exceedingly gentle-mannered person, he is possessed of any amount of determination and resolution, which, indeed, require the utmost control lest they should degenerate into mere obstinacy and self-will. Fortunately for him and the nation over which he rules, such a tendency is balanced by so keen a sense of humour and such real goodness of heart that it is impossible to conceive of his

doing anything unjust, unkind, or that would place him in a ridiculous position.

"Colonel Robertson," said he, after my presentation to him, "will you come down to the Palace with me, as I want to show you some photographs I have just taken; and won't Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Blathwayt come, too?" he continued, as he asked our hostess permission to smoke a cigarette.

We were only too pleased to exchange the dull quietude of the long Indian day for something



SCINDIA, MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.

From a Photograph by Johnstone & Hoffman.



From a Photo. by] PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.—SHOWING THE CEREMONY OF HANDING OVER THE KEYS TO THE MAHARAJAH IN 1885.

[Mr. Lake.

that promised us a little change and action, and so, stepping into the Prince's carriage, we all drove off. A curious scene it was that met our eyes: the flat, low-lying country across which the long shadows were lazily stretching themselves beneath the rays of the declining sun; the Residency itself, a picturesque building of the regular bungalow type, hidden away in a group of trees, above which one caught a glimpse of the British flag flying in the breeze, with a native sentry marching up and down the gravelled terrace; and then, outside the Residency gardens, the deserted streets of Merar, once occupied by our British troops, and now left to silence and decay. And three miles away stands, frowning down upon the surrounding country, the fortress of Gwalior itself, which, in 1885, as is shown in the appended picture, we restored to its rightful owner, the father of the present ruler.

The rock upon which the fortress stands rises abruptly from the plain to a height of 300ft., scarped and almost impregnable, except in two villages on the western face, which has been of late years strongly fortified. The rock itself is thus the fortress, the abrupt scarps of which form its best wall of defence. A wonderfully impressive and interesting spectacle it presents, thus suddenly rearing itself upon the vision of the stranger, and none the less interesting that it was a seat of



From a Photo. by]

SAS BHAO—BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.



From a Photo. by]

MOTI MAHL—OR PALACE OF THE ZENANA.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.

monarchy and the stage whereon many a strange tragedy has been enacted for centuries before the Christian era. It is about two miles in length, and some hundreds of yards in width. Perched high upon its summit stand the beautiful Buddhist temples of Sas Bhao and the Teli Mandir, one of which is certainly not less than three thousand years old.

Buildings wrought in dead days for men a long time dead.

The entrance to the fort, through which I passed the following day seated upon an elephant, and with a small escort of native police, is hewn out of the gigantic walls, which are still decorated with beautiful encaustic tiles, and within which is situated the great Palace of Raja Man Singh, of great antiquity, and which is considered to be one of the finest pieces of architecture in Northern India. All this I gathered from the Prince himself and Colonel Robertson, as the carriage rolled smoothly along the well-pre-

served high road, sun-flecked, shadow-stricken, across which perpetually darted the little striped squirrels which are so distinctive a feature of Indian life, and along which groups of brilliantly costumed, stately, and salaaming natives were seated or walking.

Round the north-east base of the rock lies the ancient city of Gwalior, now almost deserted: upon the other side are stretched the wide parks and pleasure grounds in which stand the Maharajah's magnificent palaces, the Jai Bilas and the Moti Mahl—or Palace of the Zenana. And very beautiful they looked as they gleamed snow-white



From a Photo. by]

JAI BILAS—THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.



From a Photo. by]

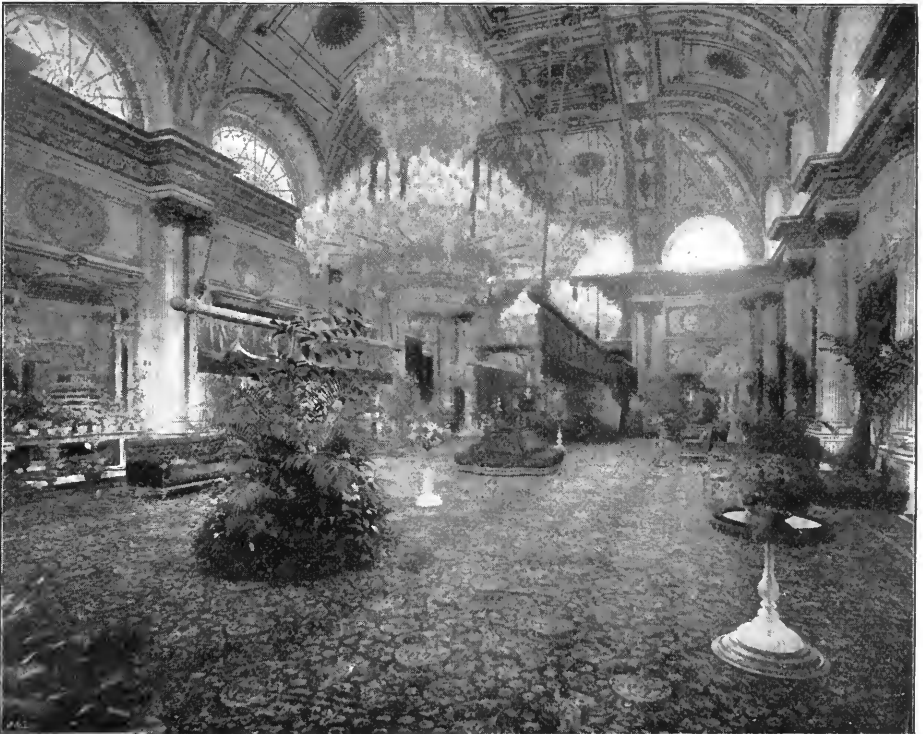
ENTRANCE TO JAI BILAS PALACE.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.

beneath the rays of the afternoon sun. Side by side with the walls of the palaces are the streets and houses of the new town of Gwalior, known as the Lushkar, which, by its name, meaning "camp," as Sir Lepel Griffin has pointed out, significantly recalls the days when the Mahratta chief from whom the present ruler of Gwalior is descended was no more than the leader of a marauding clan, who had no fixed habitation, and whose tent was his home. The mention of Sir Lepel's name recalls that day, memorable in the history of

Gwalior, when, in the year 1886, the late Maharajah died, and the temporary guardianship of his young successor lay in the hands of this distinguished official, to whom the whole country of India owes a debt of gratitude which it cannot easily repay.

I have learnt from private official papers which have been intrusted to me the immense care and consideration which Sir Lepel Griffin displayed in his arrangements for the education and for the future of the young child who, in the time to come, would



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.



From a Photo. by] THE MAHARAJAH'S STUDY AND PHOTOGRAPHING ROOM. [Johnstone & Hoffman.

the rooms here are as English as we could make them. It took 10,000 men working day and night for many months to get it ready in time. Here was the Prince's private sitting-room, which I now use as my study; I showed it to the poor Duke of Clarence when he was here three years ago. Here I develop my photographs, attend to the financial matters of the Palace, and here is where I used to prepare my lessons for Mr. Johnstone."

At this moment

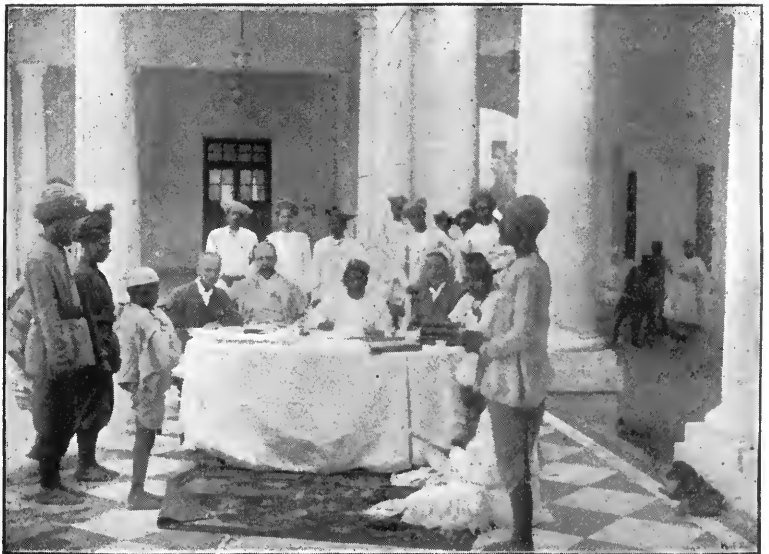
be called upon to rule over this great tract of country. And well, indeed, have those arrangements been carried out, as I was to discover for myself in a very short period of time.

As we drove up to the beautiful entrance of the Jai Bilas Palace, where a guard of honour received the Prince with a Royal salute, we saw standing there Surgeon-Major Crofts, the Maharajah's guardian and medical attendant, and Mr. W. Johnstone, his tutor, to both of whom he is devoted, and at whose hands he has met the most tender consideration.

As we mounted the stairs and entered the splendid drawing-room, or Durbar Hall, the Prince drew my attention to the portraits of Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales. "My father," said he, "built the greater part of this Palace in a few months in order that he might receive the Prince of Wales, and you will note

Mr. Johnstone himself and Dr. Crofts entered the room, and joined in our conversation.

"The Prince," said Mr. Johnstone, "has gone through the ordinary curriculum of the English boy's education, except that Marathi, English, and Hindustani have taken the place of the classics. But we have given up doing lessons now, haven't we, Maharajah Sahib? And we are now going in for more practical work"; and, as he spoke, he showed me some



From a Photo. by]

THE MAHARAJAH HOLDING COURT.

[Mr. Onrait.

admirable surveying work which the Prince had been doing that very morning. "And again, as you see in that photo., he is taking up magisterial work under the direction of Colonel Robertson. The accused is a boy in custody of two policemen, charged with theft from that third man who is standing near. I was present at the trial, and we were all struck with the Maharajah's interest and insight into the whole matter. He is curiously just in his ideas for an Oriental," he continued, in a low voice, as the Prince and Dr. Crofts were laughing together in a corner of the room, "and the people are already devotedly attached to him."

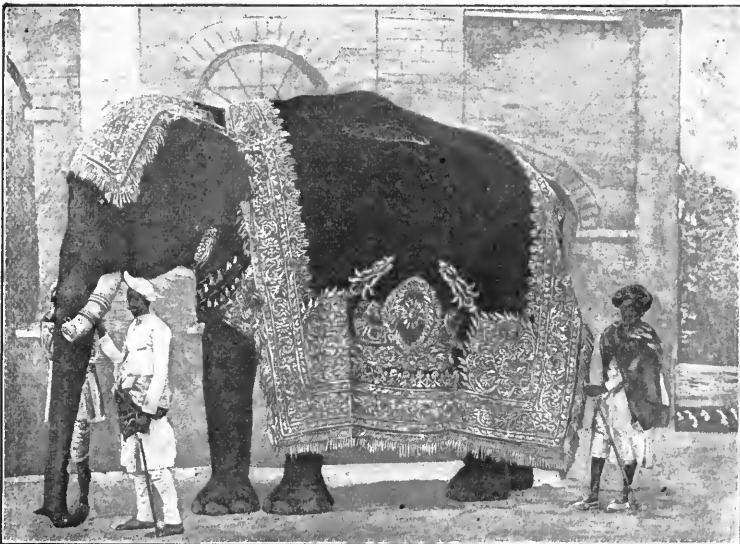
"You must show Mr. Blathwayt some of your photographs, Maharajah," said Dr. Crofts, as he came up to where I was standing.

"Well, Maharajah Sahib," said I, "won't you photograph that splendid elephant of State that I see there? I am sure the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* would like that!"—for we had already agreed that I should write an article on all I saw and heard in Gwalior.

The Maharajah was much pleased at the idea, and accordingly down we all trooped into the great courtyard of the Palace, where stood the magnificently-caparisoned animal, of which the Maharajah took the photograph here reproduced. A beautiful little railway-engine and carriages passed us slowly by as we stood by the elephant, and the Maharajah proposed that we should all be photographed by its side (which was accordingly done, the Prince and myself standing by the first carriage, as is shown in the picture), and that we should

then take a run through the gardens. The Maharajah himself drove the engine—no one in India is a more skilled engine-driver than he—and swiftly we rolled through the wide-spreading gardens of the Palace grounds. Highly cultivated as they are in some parts, yet in others there are picturesque tracts of wilderness which forcibly recalled to me Swinburne's description of "the Forsaken Garden"—where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses now lie dead.

"When I first came here in 1886," said Dr. Crofts, as we passed some magnificent tanks, and where, as I was told, ten thousand fountains are sometimes to be seen playing at once, "I had the greatest difficulty in getting the Prince sufficient exercise. He was never allowed outside the Palace, as he was too sacred a personage to be seen by ordinary people. A wall three and a half miles long was thrown round the gardens, and inside of this he took exercise as a prisoner might. At last I insisted he must go out more, and he was allowed to do so, but never at first without an escort of a thousand cavalry. Now, as you see, he goes about just as he pleases. He is far too active and too independent to be kept down by such trammels, I can assure you. That pretty house away to the right," continued my companion, "is the guest house" (of which a picture is shown at the end of this article); "and," he went on a few minutes later, as we passed some elephants busily engaged in piling wood, and which scarcely heeded the scream of the engine, "here is the hospital which we are building, and which will cost at least 500,000 rupees. It is much needed, I can assure you, for I and my staff of native doctors treated last year no fewer than 70,000 patients. The Maharajah takes the greatest interest in medical work, and he is well up in the principles of anatomy and physiology, besides having gone through an ambulance course. I can assure you he is quite an expert himself in minor surgery. He



From a Photo. by the

THE MAHARAJAH'S STATE ELEPHANT.

[Maharajah of Gwalior.]



From a Photo. by]

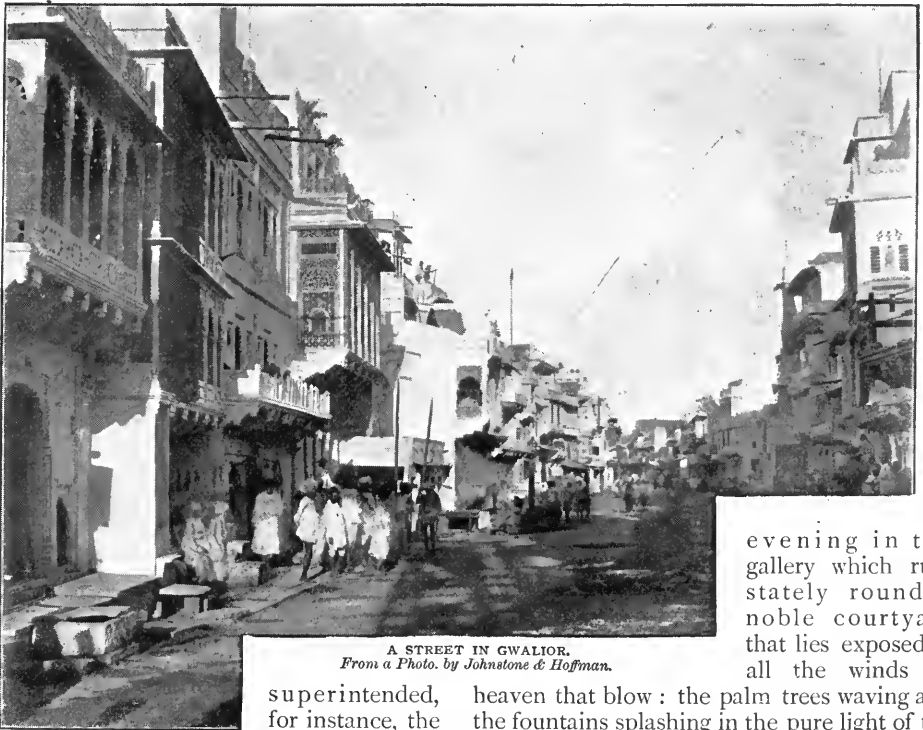
THE NEW HOSPITAL, GWALIOR.

[Mr. Onrait, Chief of Police.

By this time we had reached the hospital, a building that stands "in a strait waste place, that the years have rifled of all but the thorns, that are touched not of time"; but sterile as are its surroundings, the building itself gives promise

can set a broken limb in splints, arrest hemorrhage, and bandage a wound with the best of us. We had a good instance of this last week. A workman fell down from a scaffold and broke his arm, and the Prince, who was close by at the time, bound it up and attended to him most tenderly until I came up. We want to make him a thoroughly good all-round man, and he is shaping out well to become so. Some of the native papers have been jeering at him for the interest he takes in engineering, photography, and electricity — he

of charm and beauty for the wearied and worn ones who will one day occupy it. Its conception and erection are due almost entirely to the energy and self-sacrifice of Dr. Crofts. That night, by way of entertainment and in the presence of the leading officials and the nobles of the State of Gwalior, I delivered a lecture on well-known people I had met, which was illustrated by lime-light slides, the Maharajah himself manipulating the lantern through which they were shown. I shall not easily forget the beauty of the scene that met my eyes, as we gathered at the end of the



A STREET IN GWALIOR.

From a Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffman.

evening in the gallery which runs stately round a noble courtyard that lies exposed to all the winds of

superintended, for instance, the whole of the

electric lighting of that enormous Palace—but we uphold him in everything that will make a really useful man of him."

heaven that blow : the palm trees waving and the fountains splashing in the pure light of the Indian moon, and above and around us the deep blue heavens, in which the stars burned bright as they never burn in our cold, grey, foggy atmosphere.



From a Photo. by]

THE MAHARAJAH'S PRIVATE TRAIN.

[Mr. Onrait.

On the following day, after a game of tennis at the Residency, in which the Maharajah joined, and during which his fine native band played a selection of European music, Colonel Robertson told me something of the Prince's life and habits. "Although," said he, "His Highness has had an English education, and has been instructed in the customs and usages of English society, still he remains a true Hindu prince, and observes all the religious ordinances and caste customs of the Hindus. He has had no special instruction in English politics other than that obtained from reading the newspapers and from intercourse with Europeans, nor has he been instructed in the European management of nations which is not applicable to Eastern States. The object that I and all of us have in his bringing up is to make him a true gentleman and a Prince who will regard his State, not as a source of revenue to be squandered in the pursuit of pleasure, but as a trust committed to his charge, and to keep him in touch and sympathy with the people over whom he has been called upon

to rule. He is very tolerant to other religions in his State, and he takes special care that everyone shall have fair play. He is much interested in criminal and civil law, and he has already decided several cases under my guidance and direction. Like his father, who was a general in the British Army, he is an enthusiastic soldier, and he has been through a course of military equitation, and has been thoroughly instructed in drill and camp exercise."

By this time night had fully come, the Maharajah had driven off, and it was time for us to prepare for our journey. For the Maharajah had been asked to open a new railway line, which ran far into the interior of the State, and a large party was to accompany him for the ceremony. As we alighted at the brilliantly illuminated station we discovered a long "special" drawn up at the platform, in the centre of which train were the Royal carriages.

Something like two hundred people accompanied the Prince: the Prime Minister of Gwalior, or President of the Council, Baba Sahib Jadu; the Resident



BABA SAHIB JADU, PRIME MINISTER.
From a Photo. by Johnstone & Hoffman.

and Mrs. Robertson ; many of the nobles ; Mr. Summerville Large, the Chief of the Engineering Staff, a man of the greatest service to Gwalior ; Mr. Onrait, an English gentleman who presides over 15,000 police ; Mr. Johnstone, and myself. The long night through we travelled, until at six o'clock on the following morning we drew up at a large station and clearing in the wild country, to be greeted by one of the most magnificent spectacles I have ever seen. There upon the platform stood thin red lines of native troops, who presented arms as the train came to a halt, and the band played the National Anthem. Hard by from a neighbouring hill a battery of guns fired a Royal salute, while round and about was gathered a brilliantly attired mass of some five to ten thousand people,

hidden from the gaze of European and native alike, a very curious scene took place. An English engineer, who had behaved with incredible folly, and had been set upon and severely beaten by some native soldiers, preferred a formal charge against his assailants, who were brought before the Resident, the Maharajah, and the President of the Council to be tried. The men in reply assured their judges that the engineer had first attacked them, and they displayed pretended wounds in proof of their assertion. The Resident, however, suspecting the truth of their story, bade them remove their hand-ages, when it was promptly discovered that there was nothing the matter with them. After a trial, in which the most conspicuous fairness of dealing was displayed by both



From a Photo. by]

FESTIVAL AT GWALIOR.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.

assembled to do honour to the young Prince, of whom many had heard, but whom comparatively few had ever seen. And as he stepped from his carriage and walked down the long lines of infantry, keenly inspecting them at every point, the people pressed, salaaming round him.

Here, while the ladies of the harem passed to the special tent prepared for them, and where they were most carefully

native and European officials, the soldiers were sentenced to a light term of imprisonment, and we once more proceeded on our journey to our destination—Goonā.

Arrived here, the scene was even more brilliant than that which I have just described. Upon the platform was drawn up a guard of honour from the splendid regiment of the Central India Horse, under the command of Captain Watson, whose father, Sir



From a Photo. by]

THE MAHARAJAH'S FIRST DURBAR.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.

John Watson, V.C., did so much for our Indian cavalry. Here we all alighted, and at once set off for the camp, the Prince preceding us in a carriage and pair and attended by a cavalry escort, whilst the Resident and Mrs. Robertson and myself followed close behind. In the afternoon the officers of the Central India Horse, whose kindness and hospitality will not soon fade from my mind, arranged for a special display of tent-pegging. The scene was a very splendid one. The troopers were drawn up in line, from which now and again one would dart forth with a wild cry, and, careering over the ground, he would swoop down with his spear, to raise it almost invariably with the "peg" sticking to its point, as he swept on with a triumphant "huzza!" to a distant part of the field. The crowd itself was a mass of life and colour, and above all shone "the splendid silent sun" blazing down upon us. Several of the officers, and notably Captain Watson and Mr. Daunt, took part in the tournament, and were no whit behind the native soldiers in the skill and grace of their movements.

On the following day, word having been brought to the camp that panthers were in the neighbourhood, a shooting expedition was arranged in honour of the Maharajah and myself, as the newest arrival in India.

Early in the morning men had been sent to see if the decoy goats and buffaloes had been killed, and the reply having come back in the affirmative, we all started off—a brilliant cavalcade. The Maharajah rode in the centre, the Resident, Captain Watson, and I on either side, while behind us steadily pounded the stately and magnificent soldiers forming the Royal escort. Now and again I would turn my head round to admire the manner in which they sat their horses and the picturesque aspect they presented, with their coloured turbans, their soldier-like, handsome faces, and the points of their spears glittering in the golden sunshine. Arrived at the scene of action, where upwards of one hundred and fifty coolies had been beating the woods, we were met by the "Gader"—the head man, as it were, of the shoot—and were assigned our places.

The panthers, we were told, had taken refuge in a cave, above and around which stood some very handy trees. In two of these trees, which afforded the place of honour, the Prince and I were directed to seat ourselves, while the Prime Minister and Colonel Robertson perched themselves in two other trees close to the cave, and the officers who were with us also placed themselves as directed. Each of us, of course, had a man specially to attend upon him.

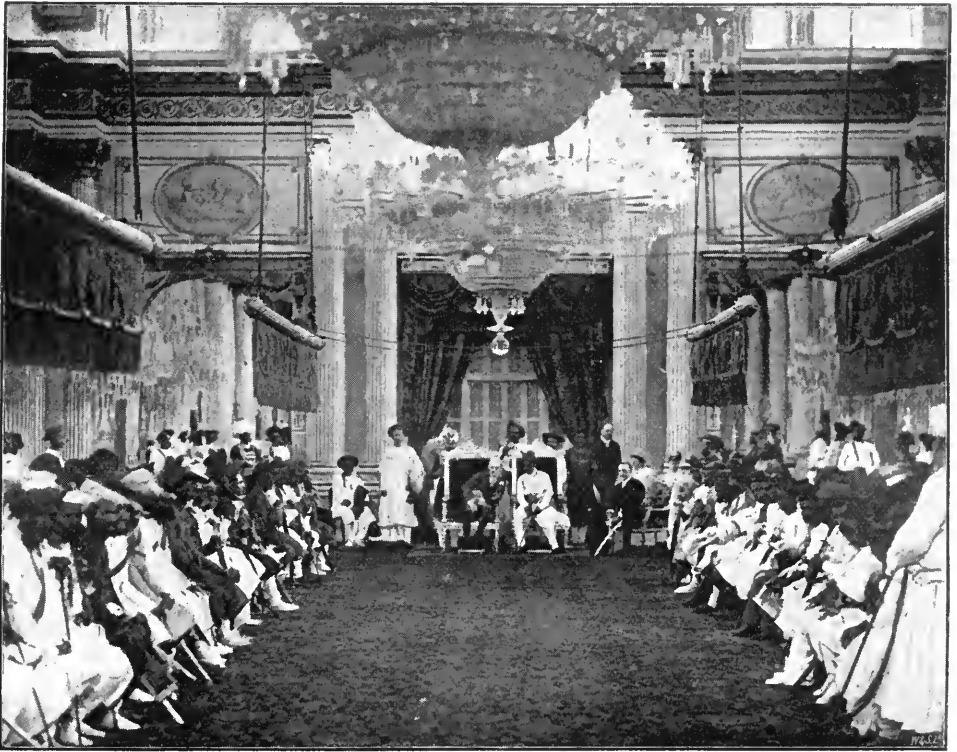
The scene and occasion remain indelibly stamped upon my mind. As we each sat in silence, so deep that we scarcely dared to breathe, and when I had loaded my rifle, I looked round about me. I can recall, as though it were but an hour ago, the surrounding country : a lofty hill, bathed in the blazing sunshine, lay many miles away, blue in the delicate shimmer of heat ; a kite wheeled in the air uttering its harsh, metallic cry ; away to the rear stood a patient elephant ; about us in the immediate foreground, hanging over the cave, were the coolies, throwing bombs and fire into the yawning cavern, from which

and his grandfather. Someone had alluded to the recent troubles in Burma, and the Prince remarked : " Well, I don't blame them ; what right have the English there at all ? " To which the Resident, I think it was, replied : " My dear Maharajah Sahib, it is no worse than you, a Mahratta Prince, taking possession of and ruling over Gwalior."

The Prince laughed heartily, and acknowledged that he was fairly caught.

I asked His Highness what he most wanted to see when he came to England. He replied : " The Queen, of course."

We fell into a conversation on the visits



From a Photo. by]

THE MAHARAJAH'S LAST DURBAR.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.

issued smoke in quantities, but no panther. At last, just when I had given up hope, there was a crackling as of dried leaves beneath the feet, a rush and a roar, and a magnificent panther bounded into the open. The Prince immediately raised his rifle, and so also did I—one moment, and the poor beast lay dead.

I am sadly hurried in my account for want of space, but I must devote a few lines to the conversation that took place as we all sat eating sandwiches and drinking welcome whisky-pegs, which took the form of soda-water or lemonade in the case of the Prince

of Indian Princes to England, and I related to my companions what Colonel Massy, the Deputy Commissioner at Delhi, had told me occurred when he had visited England the previous year in attendance upon the Maharajah of Kapurthala. The Maharajah, although delighted with the hospitality, had complained to Colonel Massy that his hosts invariably asked him "how he liked England," and gave him but little information on the country.

On the following day the Maharajah was received by Mr. Gladstone, who began, as all

the others had begun, by asking him "how he liked England."

The Prince smiled slyly at the Colonel, and replied: "Very much, indeed; but, Mr. Gladstone, I want you to tell me all about Ireland and Home Rule."

The old statesman was delighted, and entered into a long and learned dissertation upon the Home Rule Bill.

"But what will you do when the Lords reject it?" said the Maharajah.

At this cool assumption on the Prince's part that all his labour was to be in vain, the Grand Old Man became much excited, and only cooled down on the Prince requesting that he might see Mrs. Gladstone.

"I shall not think my visit to England complete unless I see your wife, Mr. Gladstone," said he.

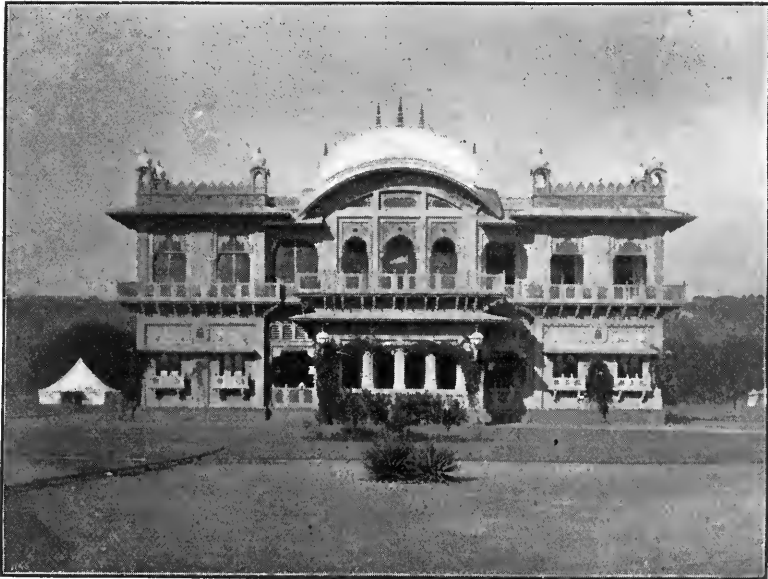
On the appearance of the lady, the Maharajah, after having been introduced, proceeded to regularly interview her on the subject of her husband's daily life and actions. No-

thing was too unimportant: what did he eat for breakfast, how did he spend his day; did he amuse himself like other people, could he sleep well, and so on; and, at the conclusion of the interview, he said: "I have only one more favour to ask you, Mrs. Gladstone. Will you give me your own photo. and that of your husband, and will you please write your name upon it?"

The Maharajah Scindia pondered deeply over this instance of his brother Prince's enterprise, and he was only aroused out of it by my asking him what he thought of Lord Meath's proposition that the Indian Princes should sit in the House of Lords at home.

"You might go, sir, as member for Gwalior," one of the party suggested.

"I would rather stay here in India," he replied, with much simplicity; and Colonel Robertson closed the conversation by remarking: "Precisely, Maharajah; none of us can spare you from your own home and country."



From a Photo. by]

THE MAHARAJAH'S GUEST HOUSE.

[Johnstone & Hoffman.



FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES BEAUME.

I.
FOR a long time Roch had lived alone with his son, in his house, built of reeds and stones, by the roadside, under the hill overlooking the far-off little town. He was the owner of rich lands, planted with vines, both on the hillside and in the plain. Only on rare occasions he quitted his own paths to climb into the mountain woods, to shoot the hare or gather mushrooms and salads.

Persons sometimes came to see him, mostly on the eve of the vintage, to treat for the purchase of the fruit, which he sold on the vines for ready money, and on no other terms. At those times, after business, he would invite the dealers or his comrades to drink a bottle of wine, over which he would gaily talk about the doings of his youth, his health; all the while laughing the laugh of the master, sitting at his door in the sun, his fowls picking and scratching in the straw and dust around him.

His son Michel resembled him closely—blonde, square-shouldered, with beard and hair tufted like the brambles in a ravine.

The old man was becoming grey, and bushy eyebrows protected his keen little eyes, which took a dreamy expression when, at the close of the day, he sat upon his stone bench and saw the trembling sea of darkness overspread the plain. He was a miser. He mended his own clothes, repaired his own ploughs, replastered the worn-out walls of his house and trimmed the hedges on his domain. He and his son, without any beast of burden to help them, did all the work. They dug deep, and opened out their cultures to the sun with energy and confidence. Their vines were the best in the country. They never quitted them—never ceased thinking of them day and night; and so, lived by them.

Roch took pleasure in this kind of existence. He loved money—religiously, with all his strength. He hungered for gold, more and more gold, that he might handle it, imbibe its powers, hide it in corners, at the foot of trees, under heaps of rock.

On sunny Sundays he collected his fortune from its hiding-places, and heaped it on his table in front of his door, in the midst of his fowls, alone, and counted his silver and

his gold pieces, making them glitter in the sunlight, and fall through his horny fingers in a clattering shower. Near him, within instant reach, he had his double-barrelled gun. And he laughed and fed his eyes with his large fortune. A glory sang within him, he swelled with the pride of being rich. He thought of Michel, of the happiness which this treasure, amassed with so much fervour and patience, would give him at some future time, when he would no longer be there. At ease in his solitude, he gave himself up to this enjoyment; he enjoyed his lands, still full of riches, while his son, down yonder, behind the trees, dug bravely at the foot of a vine.

Then, suddenly, overtaken by terror, he hurriedly returned his gold to a canvas bag and bore it away; made a fresh hole in the ground, no matter where, sometimes in the most open and noticeable spots, so as to ward off suspicion. And when he had thus buried his treasure, the old man stood powerless, oppressed with remorse, as if he had buried his happiness, his eyes lost in an ecstasy: he planted himself for a moment before his cottage, lifted his eyes towards the blue sky, scanned the high road along which were passing the dull and indifferent waggoners, and ever fearful of having been watched, he looked for his son, still working yonder behind the trees.

When he returned to labour and health, the joy of the soul came back to him abundantly. Yet he was pursued by an anxiety, a miser's care, a peasant's pride in his lands. After him what would become of the patrimony? What would become of his gold? He had confidence in his son—who resembled him; but his son would not remain alone. He ought to be married already. And the young wife and the new relatives would, perhaps, destroy the order and prosperity of his possessions. He would himself choose a wife for his son.

Michel bowed humbly before his father, whom he regarded as a superior being, since, out of nothing, from the depths of poverty, Roch had raised himself to opulence. They went forth together, at dawn, one Sunday in spring. The clear sky hung over all like a robe of innocence. Fresh voices murmured in the solitude.

"We will not go into the town," said the old man. "We shall not find there what we want: the girls there are too fond of luxury and amusements. Let us try what we may see in the villages."

Michel followed him, his hands in his pockets, his head bent downwards, not daring to turn his eyes on the country, agitated by happiness and weakness, troubled in his virgin nature as a brooklet by the storm.

They went on for a long time without speaking: they were thinking of the old woman who, for five years, had slept at the foot of an oak, and for whom, at sunset, they said a prayer. She was wanted now. She would have given her advice, and Roch, supported by her, would have been enabled to maintain his authority; as it was, he, for a moment, mistrusted his experience.

They visited the hamlets and villages, to the surprise of those who lived there, and were taken to the café, to the skittle and racket grounds, and to the spots where the crowd was promenading. They refused to drink, and walked about slowly, considering the girls.



"THEY WALKED ABOUT SLOWLY."

Michel tired of these proceedings after awhile: none of the girls pleased him. He thought them all too much dressed up and too forward in their bearing. The father grumbled at the young man's ill-humour and exaction. With quickening steps they made their way into the open country.

In the evening they returned home tired out. On the way the old man, angrily and with flashing eyes, attacked his son.

"What do you mean by all this?" he demanded. "Don't you want to marry? Are you hoping to find a princess, block-head?"

Michel shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing about it—only that I love the land—and that a girl who has sprung from it might please me."

The old man, dumfounded by this reply, bit his lips. He wished to get at the full meaning of what his son had said, suspecting that they implied the existence of a love as yet unknown to him. Something like a feeling of joy dawned upon him, but coupled with the agony of a fear, lest he might be deceiving himself.

But, blunt and rough as he was, he dare not ask any questions, conscious of his inability to touch the desire which, like a flower under water, was waking in the young man's simple soul.

II.

On the further side of the mountain, on the border of a torrent and shadowed by trees, stood a farmhouse, poor and isolated, the only house to which Michel sometimes paid a visit. Its inhabitants were a man named Bruno, taciturn, always at work, rusted by the sun; the wife, Olympe, a dried plant of the mountain, burned up like a cinder, like her husband, for ever at work, sewing, and tending the flowers and vegetables; then the daughter, a tall, brown-haired girl, sweet smelling as the grass about a spring, the pure and caressing growth of the peace of the fields.

This was Justine, the sunshipe of the hearth, the pride of her parents. For her sake Bruno put off his taciturnity after the day's work, and on Sundays went to the town and to the fêtes, exhibiting his heiress dressed in bright-coloured gowns, with gold chains about her neck—the jewellery of a long-forgotten grandmother. Justine was not yet twenty, and there had been no thought of marrying her.

Michel sometimes went to the farm, and he and Justine chatted, standing by the well, or, more often, under the mulberry trees, breathing the freshness of the leaves in these

hours of rest and when the heat was too oppressive, looking through the hanging branches away to the far-off hills and the wide-stretching plain.

Then Michel returned home in company with Justine's father, examining by the way the vineyards, meadows, and olive gardens of their neighbours, comparing them with their own. But Michel only entered the inclosure. Occasionally Roch, putting down his spade, came forward, and he and Bruno, in their shirt sleeves, with their arms resting on the barred gate, chatted for awhile, but in a tone of no great intimacy. Bruno never entered the gate, which Roch never opened, seeming to guard his domain on the threshold.

Sometimes Bruno received commissions from him which he executed in the town on Sundays; these were the only confidences between Roch and him. The old miser had never been across the mountain, and had only by chance seen Olympe and Justine as they passed along the hedges; when that occurred they only said "Good day" and smiled, without stopping to converse.

Michel and Justine had grown up together on the same soil. They regarded each other as if they had been old people, talking and laughing together without restraint, their conversation always turning on the same subjects, their labours and the seasons.

On the evening of the day following that on which he had been with his father on that strange excursion to the town and the adjacent villages, Michel met Justine; they looked at each other—then suddenly flushed, and their eyes grew moist with fondness.

They walked side by side.

At length Michel, with a thrill of contentment, clapped Justine on the shoulder.

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"Yes, I am returning from the town—tired. Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way home, too—but I'll go with you; I have not seen your parents for a long time."

They walked on slowly up the hill.

As they went down the other side, the fresher evening breeze fanned their faces, and they were penetrated by a glory of health: a pleasure of calm and purity united them. Their eyes turned together to the same objects of interest. They had one and the same soul, and the same feeling of life.

When they were near the farm, already dim amid the shadows that were creeping to the brow of the hill, Justine asked:—

"You and your father were away from home yesterday—why?"



"BY THE WELL."

"Oh, yes!—Fancy!"

And with laughter and abrupt gestures, fearing to offend Justine by ideas forbidden to her modesty, Michel related to her the story of the pilgrimage in search of a wife.

"It was all nonsense," he added; "I don't know what my father has been thinking of lately. I have constantly seen him, spade in hand, removing his treasure from one place to another. And now he wants me to marry—a thing I never thought of," a look of dreamy helplessness in his eyes.

"Well, don't worry yourself about it, stupid!" cried Justine. "One would think you were going to cry!"

She bantered him noisily; but he stopped and gazed at her in surprise, that she should mock instead of console him. They entered the farmyard. The young man's gravity had touched Justine; she went to him with downcast eyes, vexed at having hurt his feelings. They went on to the house in painful silence. In the kitchen, the mother was setting the supper table: Bruno was sitting by it more than half asleep.

"Oh! there you are!" cried Olympe, putting down a glass and a yellow plate before her husband.

Bruno lifted his elbows, rubbed his heavy brow, admired his daughter; the two young people seated themselves somewhat uneasily in front of the father.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the mother, laughingly; "have you two been fighting?"

"No," murmured Michel.

"No," repeated Justine.

She sighed, and in turn recited in a breath, and forcing herself to smile, the quest of Michel and his father about the country in search of a wife for the young man.

The old people were taken aback, painfully disturbed, as if threatened with the deprivation of something. They looked at the young people. A heavy silence fell upon the hum of life which came from without. They were afraid to think, and the same idea, as by a miracle, entered and haunted their minds.

"I'm going," said Michel, abruptly. He

rose from his seat. The silence still continued. Michel repeated: "I'm going."

"So soon?" And Justine involuntarily held him, with a longing to ease her heart and win his forgiveness.

"Stay!" commanded Bruno.

Michel resumed his seat beside Justine. They all looked at him. He blushed, dare not speak, bit his lips, and drummed on the table with his finger-nails.

"Do you want to get married, Michel?" asked Bruno.

The young man blushed redder still, shrugged his shoulders uncomfortably, and replied:—

"My father has ideas—stupid ideas that come into his head—and insisted on going about the villages——"

"But—what need was there to search so far away?"

lover, pressed closely against him, and encouraged him to trust and to will.

"Now I shall no longer dare to come to your house," she said.

"Nor I," added her father.

The anxious mother turned away, stirred the fire on the hearth, and made the soup ready.

"Already such big children," murmured Bruno.

This speech made them smile. Michel drew his hands from those of Justine, slowly, uneasily. She contemplated him as if she had found him again, after a long separation, grown, and handsomer and better.

He went away, filled with regrets, tormented by a remorse. All accompanied him to the threshold, Bruno in advance. Then, with a movement of courage and will, Michel said to the master of the farm:—



"WHAT NEED TO SEARCH SO FAR AWAY?"

And Olympe, with her large hands wide-spread, boldly indicated her daughter. It was Justine's turn to blush.

"Why not?" continued Bruno. "We are fond of you, Michel. But it was not for us to say anything: your father has money."

"Oh!"

This question of money shamed the young man.

"My father would have it so," he said, resolutely.

Justine raised her eyes to him, took his hands between hers and extended them on the table. It seemed like an oath taken, and a bright vision passed before all of them in silence. Justine moved nearer to her

"My father esteems you: he will only do what I wish."

And he departed. Justine saw him, through the shadows, mounting the hill path. He walked quickly, agitated by his new suffering. For the first time in his life, he thought things no longer appeared to him as they had hitherto appeared. A voice spoke to him confusedly, awaking dreams in his soul, a joy in his flesh. He also felt a fear. He tried to drive away the memory of Justine; but this memory clung to him, went before him, shining like a tender light. In his absorption he went by the gate of his father's inclosure.

On discovering what he had done he ran

back, entered the cottage hurriedly, and, face to face with his father, felt as if he had suddenly been turned into a block of ice. Roch scolded.

"Where have you come from?—from Bruno's?—Oho!" And bursting into a loud laugh, he added: "By your hang-dog look one would imagine that you have been up to some mischief. What ails you?"

The old miser then tranquilly seated himself at table and helped the stew. While they were eating, Michel eyed his father furtively, watching for the moment to explain himself.

"Well—what's the matter with you?" repeated the old man.

"I daren't——"

"I know: you need not tell me. It is this marriage business that worries you, and you have some notion of your own."

Michel nodded.

"Justine pleases you, then?"

The young man looked at his father, and resolutely replied: "Yes."

"What about me?"

Michel was silent; his weakness and cowardice came back; he was afraid of offending the miser.

"Don't be uneasy," said the old man.

"Justine is to your taste, but what dowry will she have? Her parents are not rich, I believe, while you will have money and rich lands, you know."

"Yes."

"Oh! I know that they are honest people, and that with them my vines have nothing to fear."

Filled as he was with anxiety, Michel knew not what to say: his heart was overflowing with love and entreaty.

"You are an odd fellow; but well, after all, why should I not accept Justine? I prefer people who have surmounted privation and poverty." And with a decided tone and gesture he added: "Well, we'll see about it—that will remind me of past happiness and of your poor mother."

He scratched his forehead, dried his eyes: big tears were running down his cheeks.

"I'll have it so—but on one condition. It's a fancy of mine."

Michel turned pale and his lips quivered, and he leaned back a little in his chair, as if terrified by these strange exuberances.

"What is this condition?"

"You will marry—that is settled; but I'll not give you the money till you have given me a grandson—an heir to my name." And he laughed boisterously, Michel observing him dubiously.

"So be it, father—I accept!"

They struck hands on the bargain made.

Three months afterwards Michel and Justine were married and living at Bruno's farm by the torrent. Michel still worked at his father's vines, but Justine never went beyond the inclosure. All were happy. The miser's fortune slept tranquilly underground, in some unknown nook.

But, near all this happiness and hopefulness, death was keeping watch.

One evening the miser, while doing something in the interior of his cottage, slipped, fell on his head and expired. When he was found—the next morning—his body was cold and rigid. Naturally, the old man's treasure occurred to the minds of all: had he been murdered by some robber? Everybody on the farm, including Olympe, set to searching the whole of Roch's land; but nothing was discovered. The cottage, with its barred door, would speedily have fallen into ruins under the beating of the rain; but they kept it intact, as a sacred altar.

The spring arrived, and Justine became a happy mother. With the spring, too, came a long and heavy downfall of rain. Michel, Bruno, and the women, who sometimes tremblingly entered the dead man's domain, went to see what effect the deluge had had upon the empty cottage. They opened the door: a breath as from the tomb exhaled from the deserted dwelling. They sounded the walls: the rain had eaten into them on every side—the shattered building of stones and reeds was ready to fall at any moment. Michel sadly and vaguely gazed on the ruin.

But the clouds had passed to the far end of the plain; the sky cleared, and suddenly a flood of sunlight spread over the lands of the departed miser.

Then from the highest part of the roof of the desolate cottage broken tiles began to fall, and a shapeless something was laid bare to the sun—a coarse canvas bag, which moved and burst: the miser's treasure! The peasants sprang back, and pieces of money, white and yellow, poured down in a torrent.

Ah!—old Roch might well have laughed to himself! Vainly the domain might have been searched till Doomsday! Doubtless he met his death in the act of forming that final hiding-place for his beloved treasure. And still the shower of gold continued—slowly now—now at intervals—now drop by drop.

Michel collected the whole—thousands upon thousands of gold and silver pieces. Silently he and Bruno heaped the treasure

upon a hand-barrow, covered it with a blouse, and wheeled it to the farm through the livid half-light of the evening.

Nothing was said of the dead miser, but the thoughts of all turned to him—a little more lovingly. Their wealth was great enough for them to have enjoyed ten years of luxurious life in the great cities far away;

but Michel and Justine, in spite of their opulence, determined to live in the farm, to change nothing in their way of life—in the peace of their hearts and the joy of their love, and in the delight of dreaming of amassing a great fortune for their children. Who shall say what constitutes the *summum bonum* of human happiness!



The Handwriting of Thomas Carlyle.

FROM 1809 TO 1875.

(Born 4th December, 1795 ; died 5th February, 1881.)

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.



THE earliest existing specimen of Thomas Carlyle's handwriting is shown in No. 1. It was written at age 13-14 in the "Matriculation Album" of Edinburgh University. Curiously enough, a boy named *Cheyne* signed on the fourth line below Carlyle—who in later life was so intimately associated with Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Handling Carlyle's school-books is somewhat of a novel sensation. I cannot pass the sensation on to readers of this paper, so I give in No. 2 the signature from

Thomas Carlyle.
William Carson
Eliu Cathcart
Samuel Caven
James Cheyne

No. 1.—Written in 1809. Age 13-14. When a first-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

The Carlyles
Book
Feb 8. 1810.

No. 2.—Written February 10, 1810. Age 14-15. From the fly-leaf of the boy's "Homer." (Reduced facsimile.)

Thomas Carlyle
Mich^l Casper
Patience Barry.

No. 3.—Written in 1810. Age 14-15. When a second-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

his "Homer," and, later, other facsimiles of these most interesting signatures. Nos. 3 and 4 both relate to Carlyle's life at Edinburgh University; and, as regards No. 4, the numerals at the left relate to the numerical order of the signatures in the "Matriculation

966 Thomas Carlyle
967 Daniel Manion
968 James Blundell
969 William Black

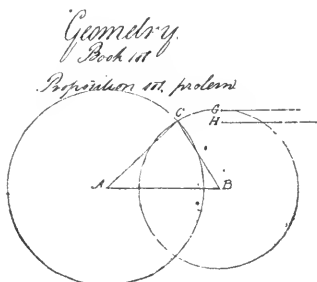
Ecclefechan
Cathcups
London
Galloway

7	3	Lat
7	3	Lira
7	2	MD
7	4	MD

No. 4.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. When a third-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

Album"; the figure "7" is the fee paid, 7s. od.; the numbers at the right denote the year of studentship, and the abbreviated words show the class of the student—*Literature, Divinity, Medicine, Law, etc.* We see, thus early, *literature* written against the name of Thomas Carlyle.

The earliest specimen of Carlyle's mathematical inability—subsequently, he became an excellent mathematician—is shown in No. 5. This is the 1st Problem of the 1st Book of "Euclid": "To describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line"—which Carlyle did not succeed in doing, for inspection shows that the triangle A B C is not an equilateral triangle: the sides of it are of unequal length. No. 6 shows to us Carlyle's experiments with "Conic Sections" (December 24, 1811), and in No. 7 there is a facsimile of the label pasted by him on this "Old College Note-Book"

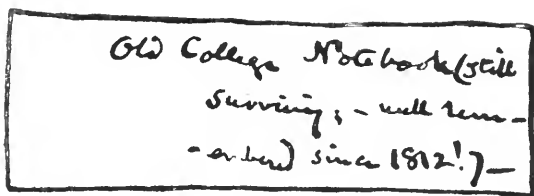


No. 5.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. From the first page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)

Conic sections. — Euclid's
Definition. — The locus of a point, whose distances from a given point & a straight line, given in position, have a given ratio, is a curve of the second order.
Thus CP:PD is given and is called the determining ratio: A B is called the directrix: C the focus: C E the axis and is the vertex. — when CP:PD is a ratio of equality the point P will never meet B E. But at a v for CP = CF & P = PD = B E. If > CF but it would be equal were the curve to meet B E. and

No. 6.—Written December 24, 1811. Age 16-17. From the second page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)

in (about) the year 1860. No. 8 is from the boy's "Sallust," and in No. 9 is a pen-and-ink caricature on page 56 of the same book. Close examination showed that the moustache was added, probably on August



No. 7.—A label pasted by Carlyle on the cover of his "Old College Note-Book." This was written in or about 1860.

Thomas Carlyle
Edinburgh
12 April 1812

No. 8.—Written April 12, 1812. Age 16-17. From the fly-leaf of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 9.—A caricature of "Cataline" from page 56 of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)

24th, 1825, for the ink used for the moustache is the same as that used by Carlyle for appending, in 1825, both this date and the moustache. No. 10 shows a curiously written signature on the last page of this "Sallust."

No. 11 deserves special attention. First it is the only one of Carlyle's signatures that

Thomas Carlyle

No. 10.—From the last page of the "Sallust." Written at about age 16-18.

Thomas Carlyle

No. 11.—Written March 17, 1817. Age 21-22. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

I have seen which contains any sort of a flourish—a significant gesture conspicuously absent from his writing throughout his life. Second, it is from a very early letter written to his mother when Carlyle was a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy. He writes:—

... It gives me pleasure to hear that the *bairns* are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge—and youth is the period for acquiring it. . . . My father spoke once of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him—they are quite ready at his service.

Thomas Carlyle respected his father, the sturdy, reliant stonemason, and he loved his mother—she loved Carlyle; and she learned to write, at a mature age, in order to be able to exchange letters with her son Thomas.

Want of space prevents the showing of many unpublished letters of extreme interest. Here, in No. 12, is the address of one written to Carlyle's friend, Mitchell. He poses his friend thus:—

Kirkcaldy, 16th Feby 1818

No. 12.—Written February 16, 1818. Age 22-23. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

After an arduous struggle with sundry historians of great and small renown, I sit down to answer the much-valued epistle of my friend. Doubtless you are disposed to grumble that I have been so long in doing so; but I have an argument in store for you. To state the proposition logically—this letter, I conceive, must either amuse you or not. If it amuse you, then certainly you cannot be so unreasonable as to cavil at a little harmless delay; and if it do not, you will rather rejoice that your punishment has not been sooner inflicted. Having thus briefly fixed you between the horns of my dilemma—from which, I flatter myself, no skill will suffice to extricate you—I proceed with a peaceful and fearless mind. . . .

There is a splendidly characteristic bit of Carlyle in the letter from which No. 13 has been taken:—

Write (obscure) in less than a week to my dear Mitchell,
Your faithful friend
Thomas Carlyle.

No. 13.—Written November 6, 1818. Age 22-23. When Carlyle had just resigned his position at Kirkcaldy Grammar School.

Kirkcaldy. — My dear Mitchell,—About a week ago, I received a letter from the Magistrates of this burgh (which letter I even now use as a blot-sheet), accepting my "resignation of the Teacher of the Grammar School," as their phrase goes: and in a fortnight, I shall quit my present situation. . . . The desire, which, in common with all men, I feel for conversation and social intercourse, is, I find, enveloped in a dense repulsive atmosphere—not of a vulgar *mauvaise honte*, tho' such it is generally esteemed—but of

deeper feelings, which are partly due to the undefined station I have hitherto occupied in Society. . . . Therefore I must cease to be a *paedagogue*. . . . I have thought of writing for Book-sellers. *Risum teneas*; for at times I am serious in this matter. . . . You see, my boy, that my prospects are not the brightest in Nature. Yet what shall we say? . . . Simply I wish to tell you, that in days of darkness—for there are days when my support (pride or whatever it is) has enough to do. . . . But have done.

*Remain My dear Mother,
Your affectionate father
Thomas Carlyle*

No. 14.—Written December 17, 1818. Age 23-24. To his mother, from Edinburgh, when Carlyle was struggling for existence.

he was then drawing monthly rations of oatmeal and butter from the domestic store at Mainhill, near Ecclefechan, but he was bravely fighting for an opening in life. Listen to this :—

. . . Therefore I entreat you, my mother, not to be any way uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. They are mostly older than I by several years—and have as dim prospects generally as need be. Tell the boys to *read*, and not to let their hearts be troubled for me. Tell them, I am a stubborn dog—and evil fortune shall not break my heart—or bend it *either*, as I hope. . . .

A “stubborn dog,” indeed—a man of dogged grit and no show was Thomas Carlyle—and the small, strongly-compressed, and simple gestures of his handwriting remain to prove to us that he was such a man.

Here, in No. 15, he writes—with fine scorn :—

. . . Eighty pounds a year, if board and lodging are included, is a respectable salary for teaching a mathematical class three hours a day. . . . If, however, Mr. Vicars wants a creature of the *usher* species, to sit ten or a dozen hours per diem with his boarders, to superintend the washing of their faces, and see them all quietly put to bed each evening—I cannot be of any service. The very word *usher* vibrates detestably across the tympanum of one’s ear. . . .

*Yours most sincerely
Thomas Carlyle*

No. 15.—Written May 19, 1820. Age 24-25. At this date Carlyle was seeking a post as mathematical tutor.

*I like to see a friend write from the heart—somewhat in earnest—tho’ it be a trifle in dishabille. It indicates at least the absence of excessive caution—a Scottish quality—but one which I am not partial enough to respect very highly. Yours most sincerely
Thomas Carlyle*

No. 16.—Written June 7, 1820. Age 24-25. In this letter Carlyle comments upon the indications of character that are shown by handwriting. (Reduced facsimile.)

In No. 16 we have one of Carlyle’s deductions from handwriting. Mr. J. A. Froude wrote to me on June 27th, 1894 :—

More than 50 years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed : “No doubt there

is a physiognomy in everything that we do.”

My dear Jack, Thomas Carlyle

No. 17.—Written January 25, 1821. Age 25-26. To his brother John.

The letter of which No. 17 is part says :—

. . . After all, this literature is a grand and glorious thing. It is the life-blood of the mind; and mind is the Sovereign of Nature. Kings who have it not go down to dust and are forgotten; those who have it influence the world, and spread their own brief being over many generations of their fellow-men. Go on then to improve! . . . I shall be well I know by-and-by—and we shall then remember with joyful thoughts these days of trial. *Vale et me ama!*

Carlyle crippled his own means when he needed help to provide for the medical education of his brother John.

In No. 18 we have the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote :—

Your affectionate son, Thomas Carlyle

No. 18.—Written in 1822. Age 26-27. To his mother.

. . . For I begin to feel more and more the necessity of setting about *writing a book*. In general I am quite unhappy on this score; but I hope I shall at last fix on something, and then set to it like fire to tow. . . . Always, my dear mother. . . .

Carlyle began to publish his "Life of Schiller" in 1823, in the *London Magazine*. He wrote to his mother on his twenty-seventh birthday. See No. 19:—

*This is my birth-day: I am now seven
and twenty years of age! What an unprofit-
-able bout I am!*

No. 19.—Written December 4, 1822. Age 27. From a letter to Carlyle's mother on his twenty-seventh birthday; he had not then published any book.

trouble of my upbringing? Great part of an ordinary life time is gone by: and trifter, still sojourning. . . .

He wrote No. 20 when he was in London for the first time; No. 21 was written to Leigh Hunt, and No. 22 refers to the complete failure of the famous "Sartor Resartus":—

. . . I am writing *nothing*; reading, above all things, my old *Homer*. . . . Fancy me as reading till you see me, then must *another* scene open.—(The "Homer" is that from which No. 2 has been taken.) . . . as for the unhappy *Sartor*, none can detest him more than my present self. There are some ten pages rightly *fused* and

New Green, 3^d July 1824—

Thomas Carlyle

No. 20.—Written July 3, 1824. Age 28-29. During Carlyle's first visit to London. (Reduced facsimile.)

*You will offer
my best wishes to Mrs. Hunt, to Miss, and the little
grey-eyed Philosopher who listened to us*

No. 21.—Written November 20, 1832. Age 36-37. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

It was a dead failure, and letters poured in to the publisher countermanding subscriptions until Carlyle should be removed from the pages of the magazine. Two persons, Ralph Waldo Emerson and another, wrote to praise the work, but it was for a while doomed to failure. Recently, Mr. Frederick Chapman informed me that

114,000 copies of one edition *only* of this work had been printed by his firm during 1871—1894.—J. H. S.]

In No. 23 Carlyle wrote:

. . . I must be a toughish kind of lath after all,

for my life here these three years has been sore and stern, almost frightful, nothing but

I must be a toughish kind of lath after all

Be steady my boy: we shall see what becomes of us.

No. 23.—Written May 30, 1837. Age 41-42. To his brother John.

This letter was addressed "Dr. Carlyle, Countess of Clare's, Poste Restante, Rome." There was a "margin left," on which Carlyle wrote, in tiny letters, "Excuse this mean end of a letter. . . . I will do better next time. Adieu, Dear Brother, T. C." The four sides of a large sheet of paper are covered with writing, which is also neatly squeezed into the margins.

When Carlyle wrote No. 24, he also wrote:—

. . . The lectures terminated quite triumphantly, . . . there was applauding, complimenteering, &c., &c., and a money result of near £300 left in the hands of a man heartily glad to shrink back into his hole

This is my birth-day: I am now seven and twenty years of age! What an unprofitable bout I am! What have I done in this world to make good my place in it, or reward those that had the here am I, poor

harmonious; the rest is only *welded*, or even agglomerated, and may be thrown to the swine. . . .

[Carlyle's work, "Sartor Resartus," appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, vols. viii.-x., 1833-34.

Your Newspapers will interest me, &c

For the unliking Taylor none can detect them more than my present self.

There are some ten pages rightly fused and harmonious, the rest is only

welded or even agglomerated, and may be thrown to the swine

All salutations from us both! Adieu! it was amiable. T. Carlyle

No. 22.—Written April 18, 1834. Age 38-39. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

Eternity beyond it in which seemed we can still do without such; still, and always, if it be so. Esperons!

. . . Be steady, my boy: we shall see what becomes of us. . . . Adieu, dear Jack. Gehab Dich wohl mein wackerer! (Take care of yourself, my dear boy.) I shall see (whether) there is a margin left. Auf ewig (Yours ever), T. C.

Jane says I am fated to be the nucleus for all the mad people of my generation.

Ever your true Brother, T. Carlyle

No. 24.—Written July 17, 1838. Age 42-43. When Carlyle was lecturing in London. (Reduced facsimile.)

again. . . . If dire famine drive me, I must even lecture; but not otherwise. . . . Freedom under the blue sky; ah me, with a bit of brown bread, and peace and pepticity to eat it with: *this* for my money before all the "glory" of Portman Square or the Solar System itself!

The "Jane" here mentioned was Thomas Carlyle's wife.

The reading-room ticket shown in No. 25 is interesting. Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, ascertained the year of this ticket, and recently showed me the small reading-room (now closed to the public) where Carlyle wrote it, and where he was

Press Mark.	Title of the Work, or Number of the MS. wanted.	Size.	Place.	Date.
3. O. h.	Melmoth's letters of Pliny	8	6p th	1747

(Date) 27th April 1839. T. Carlyle (Signature).
Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place, as soon as done with.

No. 25.—Written April 27, 1839. Age 43-44. A British Museum reading-room ticket. (Reduced facsimile.)

"obliged to sit on the top of a ladder" when reading—owing to the then scanty accommodation.

No. 26 explains itself. In letter No. 27 Carlyle wrote:—

One thing struck me much in this Macaulay, his theory of *Liberal* Government. He considers Reform to mean a judicious combining of those that have any money to keep down those that have none. "Hunger" among the great man is *irremediable*, he says. That the pigs be taught, etc.

No. 28 is from a splendid letter to his wife. No. 29 was written to brother John, the doctor:—

. . . If you do good to the poor patient, why should you not be content? It is to be *doing* good. Few people can certainly say of themselves so much. The most are but consuming virtual; a *malefaction* and theft if there be not work returned for it, in the shape of *improvement* to some man or thing!

I must and will persist
There seems no use in living to me, if it be not
worthwhile, or improving to unite T. Carlyle
That the pigs be taught to die with
out squealing: there is the sole improvement pos-
sible according to him. Did Whiggery ever express
itself in a more damnable manner. T. Carlyle

No. 27.—Written July 24, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter adversely criticising Lord Macaulay's political writings.

But space is very much too limited, and I can give only a scanty account of many of the selected passages, etc., from these unpublished letters. The originals of Nos. 30 and 31 are of great interest, and No. 32 is from a closely written three-page letter sent by Carlyle to his publishers on behalf of a poor lad who went to solicit his help; the letter ends: "So stands it in our Scotch Psalm Book; and, really, it is a

T. Carlyle

No. 28.—Written in August, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter to his wife: ". . . Have your earthquakes done; and the house all ready for me to begin work at my return."

Adieu Dear Jack

No. 29.—Written September 5, 1840. Age 44-45. To his brother John, the doctor.

Courage, Patience, Cheerfulness!

No. 30.—Written January 12, 1841. Age 45-46. A "syllable of salutation" to brother John.

great truth." No. 33 is from a letter to Carlyle's mother, which narrates the advice he gave to "those red-hot Irish Repealers," who had just visited Carlyle at Chelsea: "They are all ready for 'insurrection,' for 'death,' etc., etc. I strongly advised them to make a general insurrection *against the Devil* first of all, and see what came of that! . . ." No. 34 is the signature from the receipt for £300 for the first edition of "Oliver Cromwell." On May 21, 1844, Carlyle wrote to a

Thomas Carlyle

No. 31.—Written May 17, 1842. Age 46-47. From an agreement with Messrs. Chapman and Hall about the publication of "Heroes and Hero Worship."

"Blessed is he that wisely doth
The hood man's cake avoid;
For when the time of trouble is
The Lord will him deliver!"

against the Devil

No. 33.—Written April 28, 1845. Age 49-50. (See text for description.)

T. Carlyle

No. 34.—Written January 7, 1846. Age 50-51. From the receipt for £300 for the first edition of the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell."

No. 32.—Written March 20, 1844. Age 48-49. From a letter written to aid "a raw, respectable-looking Scotch lad."

collector who possessed one of Cromwell's letters, asking for a copy of it: "If it be of any length, I will come to the Museum, or send; for at any rate I must have a copy. . . . The punctuation I should like to have exact. . . ." The great attention given by Carlyle to his own punctuation affords good evidence of his thoroughness and care. No. 35 must go

As Robson sent me the first

Prophesiet of the 7. Revolution the other

No. 35.—Written June 14, 1847. Age 51-52. From a letter which refers to Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."

without notice; No. 36 is the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote:—

Mr. Bosworth tells me that the Book *Sartor Resartus* has been quite out of print for a month past, and that

Man always truly

"Simon Brodie had a cow;
He lost his cow, and he could na find her:
When he had done what man could do,
The cow came hame and her tail behind her."

T. Carlyle

No. 36.—Written August 31, 1848. Age 52-53. About "Sartor Resartus." (See text.)

inquiries are occasionally made for it—of course in vain. . . . As many "editions" as you like of it, and of all the others.

In 1894, no fewer than 5,000 copies of "the Book *Sartor Resartus*" were printed—of one edition only.

No. 37 speaks for itself, and I pass by

T. Carlyle

No. 37.—Written January 23, 1849. Age 53-54.

T. Carlyle

No. 38.—Written November 15, 1851.
Age 55-56. From the receipt for £100,
the first edition of the "Life of
Sterling."

Nos. 38 and 39. The next one was written to John Ruskin:
"What a pleasant human evening we had. *Encore* to
it!—T. C."

Here, in No. 41, are Carlyle's original instructions about
the title of his "Life of Frederick the Great": "*Friedrich*,
always used in the Text, is his right name (just as 'Louis'
instead of 'Lewis' in a French name, but it occasions a jar on our common habits;
—and with 'Frederic the Great' would perhaps be unintelligible. You might say Friedrich

*My line for 750 copies, at the old-established rate
of the 5th shilling per 1000 copies, will be a simple
relief—then sure, — and will come out extremely
— by smile, I am afraid! — £67.6*

No. 39.—Written July 10, 1852. Age 56-57. This relates to a "cheap edition" of "Heroes."

II. called the Great, King of, &c.—I leave it with Robson and you." What an instance of
Carlyle's minute care—which all his handwriting throughout his life shows so prominently.
Thomas Carlyle, like many another famous man, knew the great value of "an infinite

*What a pleasant human evening we had. Encore to it!
T. C.*

No. 40.—Written in about 1854. Age 58-59. From a letter to John Ruskin.

capacity for taking pains" with his work. Every figure in this pageant of a book "has
his own proper visage, stamped indelibly with the expression it bore as he flitted across
this earth." No. 42 is worth notice. At the end of No. 43 Carlyle wrote: "Let him

*Friedrich, always used in the Text, is
his right name (just as 'Louis' in-
stead of 'Lewis' in a French name
but it occasions a jar on our common
habits; — and with 'Frederic the Great'
would perhaps be unintelligible. You might say
Friedrich II. called The Great, King of &c. — I
leave it with Robson & you*

No. 41.—Written November 13, 1857. Age 61-62. A pencil "note" containing instructions
about the title of Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great."

come down to me in person"—the *him* was the unfortu-
nate man who had "made a botch" of some of Carlyle's
work. It is interesting to notice in this bit of gesture
how Carlyle's gust of temper gave an unwonted emphasis
and extension to the final strokes of some of the words
here shown (No. 43). Just as an angry man will often

T. Carlyle

No. 42.—Written September 18, 1858.
Age 62-63. From the receipt for £1,050 for the
first edition of Vols. i. and ii. of "Frederick
the Great."

Raging nonsense

is mainly what I make of it

No. 43.—Written February 6, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter of complaint. "Raging nonsense is mainly what I make of it."

temporarily abate some of his restraint of speech, so does he show a like intemperance when he makes written gesture at the moment when passion is leading him. No. 44 shows the signs of breaking up of a *man*, whose hand afterwards became more tremulous. It

Cordially saluting everybody
Yr affec^{ed} T. Carlyle

No. 44.—Written August 4, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter to his brother James.

is pleasant to read No. 45, and No. 46 shows increasing infirmity. No. 47 is taken from the fly-leaf of "The Early Kings of Norway: also an essay on the Portraits of John

To Frederick Chapman Esq, my worthy &
ever obliging Publisher:

with many kind wishes & regards.

T. Carlyle.

Chelsea, 23, Jan^y 1871.

No. 45.—Written January 23, 1871. Age 75-76. From Vol. i. of a complete set of his works which Carlyle presented to Frederick Chapman, Esq. (Reduced facsimile.)

T. Carlyle

No. 46.—Written March 2, 1874. Age 78-79. Endorsement on a bill for £100.

Knox," by Thomas Carlyle. At this date, and prior to 1875, Carlyle wrote with much difficulty, and usually with a blue pencil; the broken lines were then traced over with a pen by another hand. This specimen has not been touched.

To my Dear Niece Mary C. Aitken:
Affectionately & anxiously

T. Carlyle

Chelsea, 5 May
1875.

No. 47.—Written in blue pencil, May 5, 1875. Age 79-80. From the fly-leaf of a book given to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary Carlyle Aitken.)

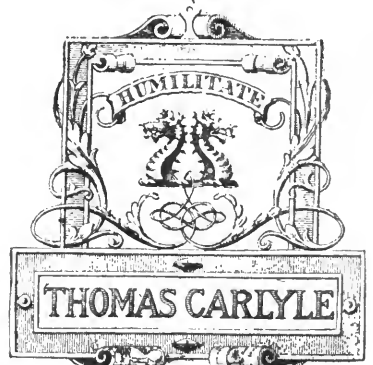
I end this series of facsimiles with one from a letter written at an advanced age by Margaret Aitken Carlyle, the mother of Thomas. She never forgot him—nor did he ever forget his “own old mother.” The Book-Plate shown in No. 49 is the Book-

even your own old Mother

No. 48.—End of a letter written to Carlyle by his mother in May, 1846, when she was of advanced age.

M A C

Plate of a brave and honest man—who has left to us the evidence of his written gesture—who was never inflated by the success brought to him by his genius: who did kind and generous deeds in the dark, and who had—always ready—scornful words for the quack and the pretender, and kind acts for the needy: who was once absurdly accused of vaunting truth and honesty for the sake of the effect to be gained by the vaunt, but who was as sincere a lover of truth and honesty as ever lived; who fought against the depression caused by ill-health, and indelibly and for time stamped his mark—*Thomas Carlyle*—upon the thinking world; who curbed as best he could his fitful gusts of irritation and temper, and who was a true, simple, and kindly man in thought and act—this is the Book-Plate of Thomas Carlyle.




No. 49.—Thomas Carlyle's Book-Plate: from the “Homer” used by him when a boy. (See No. 2.)

NOTE.—I thank, for the loan of most valuable letters, those owners or guardians of Carlyle letters, etc., who have enabled me to prepare this unique collection. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary C. Aitken), the niece, secretary, and faithful friend of Thomas Carlyle; Mr. Frederick Chapman—Carlyle's “worthy and ever obliging Publisher”; Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Francis B. Bickley, of the British Museum; Mr. Samuel Davey, the Editor of the *Archivist*, 47, Great Russell Street, W.C.; Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 508, New Street, Birmingham; Professor Kirkpatrick, Secretary of Senatus, Edinburgh University; Mr. Hugh A. Webster, Librarian, and Mr. Thomas Gilbert, Clerk to the Senatus, Edinburgh University; Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., of Sutton Court, Bristol; Mr. William Brown, 26, Princes Street, Edinburgh, and Mr. R. C. Robertson, of that city; Mr. William Duncan, B.A., Rector of Annan Academy, who undertook inquiries for me at the Dumfriesshire town where Carlyle went to school; Mr. John Waller, autograph dealer, of 2, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, W.; and Professor J. A. Froude, who informed me of an interesting fact, which I quote from his letter, dated June 27th, 1894: “. . . More than fifty years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed: ‘No doubt there is a physiognomy in everything that we do.’ . . .” It is curious that all these men, Froude, Sterling, and Carlyle (see No. 16), should have noticed that handwriting contains signs of character—signs that are set out in *Handwriting and Expression* (Kegan Paul, 1892), and which the curious reader may investigate in the complete collection of Carlyle's handwriting that has now been given.—J. H. S.

The Pigeons of London.

By HARRY HOW.

"  F all the sights in London, give me the pigeons!" So remarked an old cabman whom I discovered in one of the open spaces in the vicinity of the Temple, who, while waiting for his fare, was generously giving a gratuitous meal out of his horse's nose-bag to a score of pigeons which had a few moments before gathered round him.

It is very probable that there are many more who would heartily shake hands with the cabby and exclaim, "And you're not a bad judge, my boy!"—but only those who know where to find these particular members of the feathered world. There are pigeons in the great Metropolis, thousands of them, which the public regard as their own—birds they keep and feed, watching their plumage grow finer and smoother. The children play with them, the hard-worked clerk in the City splits up his dinner-hour and gives part of this time to the birds; policemen, beattles, cathedral vergers, and many more have all a kindly thought for the pigeons of London.

I have recently been making a round of the principal places where the pigeons of the public most do congregate: The Temple, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, Custom House, British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster. It has been a delightful experience—the tour, for those who care to undertake it, is exceptionally cheap, and the amount of pleasure to be derived from it incalculably great.

My first visit was to the Temple, and here the birds

have as pretty a rendezvous as the most fastidious pigeon could desire. They know the cosiest nooks, the most picturesque corners—they know where their kindest friends are to be found. Hence, if you walk in the direction of King's Bench Walk, you will always find scores of them gathered outside a certain house at the corner of the passage—No. 6. You cannot mistake the place—great boxes of scarlet geraniums and lobelia are over the door, and half-a-dozen sweet-voiced canaries are outside the portico. Here lives Mr. Horton, the beadle, who, previous to becoming the highly-respected beadle of this part of Lawyers' Land, was in the fire brigade for twenty-one years. He has fed the birds for nine years. Every pigeon in King's Bench Walk knows him. They know Tiddles, too. Tiddles? Tiddles is the Temple cat, and although the famous tabby has killed many a too venturesome sparrow, she has never been known to lay a single claw on a blue rock. Tiddles! Why, she will sit on a chair in the sunshine whilst her feathered neighbours play round the legs and perch on the back of the seat. Would

that there were more 'Tiddles in the world!

Could all the dead and gone King's Bench Walk pigeons of twenty-five years ago come back to their old haunt again, they would not find one of the most faithful of friends they ever possessed. Mr. Leggat has left the neighbourhood. Mr. Leggat kept a coffee-shop in Tudor Street—a thoroughfare not many yards away. He and his customers fed them for five-and-twenty years. For a quarter of



THE TEMPLE PIGEONS.



a century the coffee-shop proprietor collected all the scraps which his patrons left over from their early breakfasts, and carried them to "his birds," who, in response to his whistle, would fly to him, fighting for the privilege of perching on his head, arms, and hands. A new generation of pigeons has arisen, however, and Mr. Horton has, so to speak, taken them under his wing.

Fountain Court is not a stone's throw from King's Bench Walk. It is a charming spot, so perfectly illegal. At all times in the day you will find the birds clustered around the edge of the fountain, standing gracefully on the circle of stone-work and admiring themselves in Nature's mirror. The pigeons of Fountain Court are not without their own particular friend. If you just stand with your back to the fountain and look up at the building immediately in front of you, you will observe that the window-sills of the rooms on the top floor provide a resting-place for a series of long,

green boxes filled with flowers. To see the sight you should not be later than nine o'clock in the morning. Suddenly, as though by magic, one of the windows opens. You hear a ting-ting! The court is immediately filled with birds. They seem to come from everywhere—from the houses at the back of Essex Court, the Library, the Old Hall—and they all take wing to the window-sills where the flowers are blooming.

Then a figure appears. He has a plate in his hand evidently filled with food, and for a long time he feeds the birds to their hearts' content. It is a big battle for grub. One cannot help being struck by the antics of a large cock bird—his plumage is darker than the others, so he is easily singled out. He appears to be a terrible bully; doesn't seem as though he wants to eat much himself, but apparently takes a delight in interfering with those who do. A pigeon who is a bully is really a most objectionable bird. At last the pigeons have had their fill; away they go to the fountain below, and a few minutes afterwards, as if from nowhere, a little flock of starlings and sparrows make for the window with the floral boxes. These, too, are fed by



FOUNTAIN COURT—TEMPLE.

the same kindly hand, and when the figure disappears a plate of food is thoughtfully left on the window-sill.

The stairs are steep which lead to the top floor of a certain set of chambers in Devereux Court.

I knock. The pigeons' friend appears. We go to the window together. He rings the bell, and a fine young couple of blue rocks are fed again. The bell is worth noticing. It is a white china sugar-basin with a gold rim, and the clapper is a spoon. This same bell has been rung for the last eleven years by the same ringer, and has never been cracked! The bellringer has much to tell you regarding the pigeons and starlings at Fountain Court.

"There are some two or three hundred pigeons about here," he says, "principally blue rocks of various strains. I fancy that most of them breed in the clock tower of the Law Courts, though quite a number use the Temple. This is the first year I have had flowers in the boxes outside. I generally empty the boxes and turn them round so that they can come and nest in them. I have known them build on the rain-water head of the house on the left, there. Come down, madam, come down!"

This latter remark was addressed to a fine Persian cat, who had just hopped on to a chair and was about to hide herself behind one of the green boxes.

"Madame Louise," he continued; "she hides amongst the flowers and is on the lookout for a bird. She has never caught one yet, I am glad to say. What do I feed my birds with? Oh! bread and soaked toast, and a little hemp-seed in winter. There is a colony of starlings here, too."

We were standing by the window.

"You see that extreme corner of cornice on the left overlooking the fountain? Starlings have built there for years, and lived there all the year round. This is very unusual, as they generally go away in flocks about August."

I pointed meaningly

to the plate of food on the window-sill, and Mr. Birch acquiesced in my explanation.

Mr. Birch told me a capital little bird anecdote — by-the-bye, he has never seen a dead pigeon during the eleven years he has been here. It is great fun to throw a piece of white wadding out of the window, which is immediately pounced upon by a dozen sparrows and torn into as many pieces. It appears that two pairs of sparrows were building in the rain-water head of a house in the court. One day Mr. Birch threw out a piece of wadding, when a cock sparrow quickly flew down, seized it, and carried it to its nest. The wool was so big that the sparrow could not get it into the nest. This evidently annoyed the wife, and presumably she told him so. Some starlings had been on the watch, and, taking advantage of this domestic quarrel, popped across and stole the wool! They rammed it in a wedge where the sparrows could not get it! There it remained for weeks, much to the joy of the jealous starlings and much to the grief of the sorrowful sparrows. This true little anecdote tends to show that the starlings and sparrows at the Temple are not the best of friends.

It is generally admitted by students of the public pigeons that the tamest are to be found at the Guildhall, whilst the wildest are located at the Custom House Quay. In the courtyard of the former place as many as one hundred and thirty-eight have been counted, and very few of them will refuse to gather at



MR. GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A., FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN FOUNTAIN COURT.



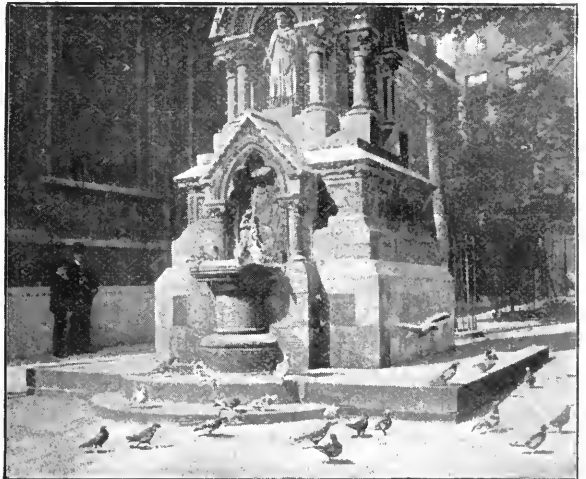
CITY CLERK FEEDING PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

your feet—especially should you happen to have a handful of corn—although it may be a first introduction. I have seen many a young City clerk come here between twelve and two o'clock and feed the birds. Their wants, however, are not forgotten in a semi-official way. One of the officials at the Guildhall Police Court gives them numerous "handfuls," and the memory of old Rowe is still treasured as a friend of the birds. Old Rowe—who used to swear the witnesses in the justice-room—had small water-troughs placed in the yard, at his own expense, in order that his flock might drink. It was a kindly act, though the birds could drink to their fill at the fountain by the side of the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. The birds build in the old parts of Guildhall and on the outside of many of the City churches. In the breeding season the young pigeons flutter to the ground and are stolen before they obtain strength enough to fly back again. One gratifying fact came to my knowledge whilst watching the Guildhall pigeons. Although all these birds at this and other places are "strays," and practically belong to the people, who for the most part feed them and care for them, yet when some of these birds were maimed by catapult shooting and such-like, the Corporation stepped in, claimed the pigeons, and prosecuted the offenders for cruelly treating their property.

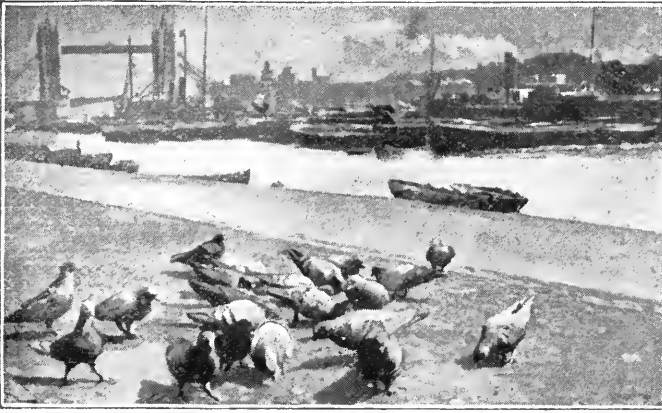
Whilst the pigeons are perfectly domesticated at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred and odd birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom

House authorities—though it should be mentioned that Police-constable Edward Winder is kind to them—the public are liberal, the pigeons practical, for they are well aware of the fact that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will migrate during the day, returning to roost under the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.

Seafaring folk are generally credited with being able to out-do all comers in the spinning of a yarn; and it is to be hoped that a jolly-looking lighterman was telling the truth when he assured me, without moving a muscle, that he had frequently



DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE PIGEONS.

taken a dozen pigeons for a trip up the river whilst they picked up the stray corn from the bottom of his barge, quietly unconscious that they were being carried away from home. He put it down to the steadiness with which he handled the great oars.

In the words of Mr. John T. Taylor, the Assistant Secretary of the British Museum: "Everybody feeds the pigeons at the British Museum—the visitors and readers particularly." The resident servants also find a few spare crumbs from the table, but there is certainly no official feeding. It seems that pigeons have colonized the neighbourhood of the British Museum for a great number of years, possibly longer than at any other public building in the Metropolis. They have been increasing yearly till they now comprise some two hundred and fifty, and, unlike any other feathered colony, number amongst them many pure and thorough-bred wood-pigeons. The presence of wood-pigeons here is regarded as quite an unusual thing.

Mr. Taylor said that, although he had been at the Museum for thirty years, yet he never remembered the time when pigeons were not there, whilst an official of forty years'

standing stated the same thing. Furthermore, it was stated by a man, who as a boy knew the Museum before the collections were housed in the present building, that very few, if any, pigeons frequented Montagu House, but that pigeons established themselves at the Museum very soon indeed after the erection of the present building—that is to say, shortly after 1844-5. It may interest pigeon-fanciers to know that the birds at the British Museum this year are

considered somewhat rougher than those of previous years.

The favourite haunt of the pigeons at Bloomsbury is apparently the steps of the main entrance, and many a youngster is to be found there at all hours of the day provided with anything and everything in the way of food, from a Bath bun to a brandy-ball.

The great spot, however, to find the children is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. If you can find a seat—for they are generally fully occupied at mid-day—sit for an hour and watch the pigeons near the

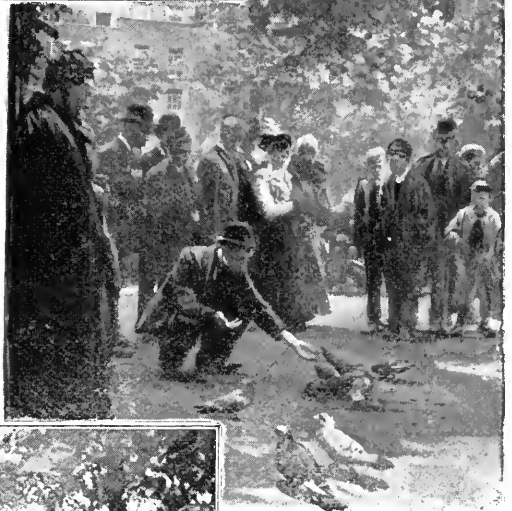


THE BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.



ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS.

fountain, or perched on the ledges of the sacred edifice, or clustered together in batches of fifty on the grass. Persuade one of their many friends to whistle, and you will see a hundred form themselves into a little cloud of wing and feather and fly down. They are the children's playthings: little mites of six and seven seat themselves on the asphalt pavement whilst the birds feed from their hands. As an instance of how great is the love of many of these children for their feathered friends, the story is told of a little girl, who had daily given them food, being very ill in



ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS—ON THE SITE OF ST. PAUL'S CROSS.



ST. PAUL'S—BEFORE THE NORTH DOOR.

the hospital. She was constantly turning to the nurse and asking:—"When shall I be able to see the pigeons, nurse?"

She lay in her cot for some weeks, and when her mother took her home again, nothing would satisfy the child until they had taken her to the gardens. She screamed with delight—for when

she held out her hand with a biscuit, the pigeons came flocking round, and she cried out:—

"They know me again, mammy; they know me again!"

The pigeons of St. Paul's are altogether unlike any others. They number some four or five hundred. There are two or three distinct companies. There is a colony in the north-east

garden and a second at the west front. The "west-enders" never associate with the "north-easters," but keep themselves quite distinct and apart. Then Mr. Green, the Dean's verger—I believe Mr. Green has seen no fewer than four Deans out—has quite a little lot of his own, which he feeds on the south side of the Cathedral at about four o'clock every afternoon. When I was visiting the pigeons here,



ST. PAUL'S — "THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FEED THE PIGEONS ON THE GRASS," BUT THE PUBLIC DO.

not found wanting with a handful during the winter months, when few of the public are here; and the policemen join him in the task.

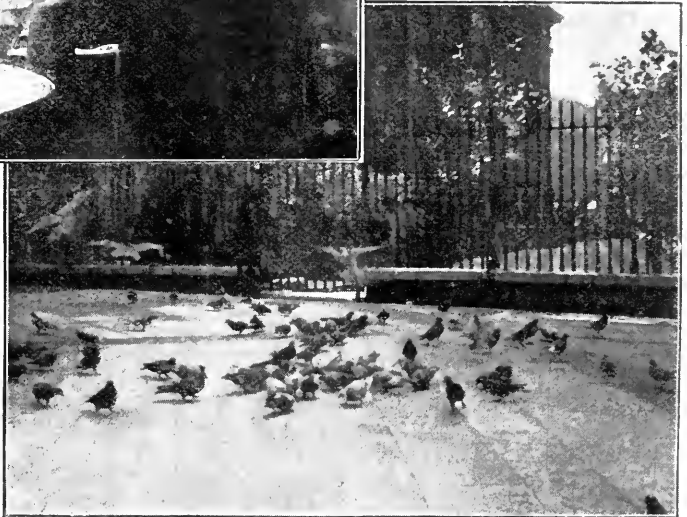
Perhaps, however, the best friend from a feeding point of view which the pigeons have is Mr. Pounceford, the housekeeper at the offices of the Religious Tract Society.



MR. POUNCEFORD.

Mr. Green was away on his holiday. But he had not forgotten his birds. He had commissioned Mr. Brown, another verger, to look after their wants whilst he was away.

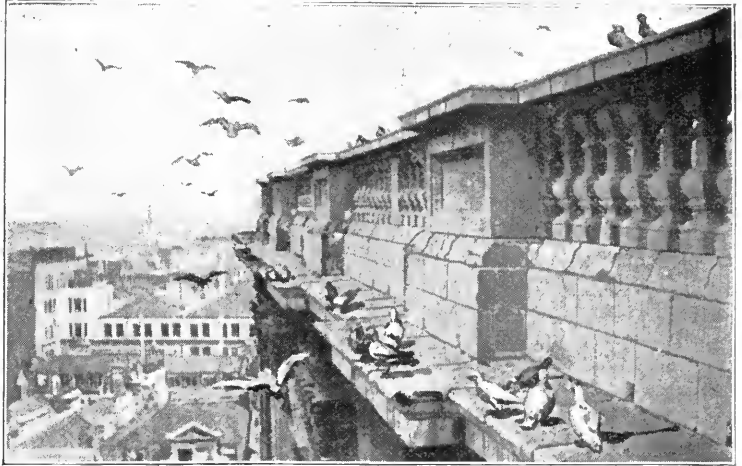
The gardener here, although he is rather inclined not to say anything in favour of them, for they do much to spoil his admirable floral work, is nevertheless



ST. PAUL'S—COURTYARD OF NORTH GATEWAY.

His room, which is high up on the fourth or fifth floor, overlooks the courtyard of the north gateway, and he has but to whistle and wave his hand, when every feathered resident of this corner of the Cathedral flies down and partakes of the liberal fare strewn on the stones below.

As at other buildings, the pigeons rest on the great



ST. PAUL'S—ON THE CORNICE, NORTH-EAST SIDE.



ST. PAUL'S—WEST PORCH, WHERE THE PIGEONS BREED.

cornices, where they have ample room to take their forty winks—if they indulge in them—whilst a very popular breeding place is inside the west porch, a picture of which is shown here. At the time this photo was taken a well-made nest was in the corner, containing a couple of young birds.

One of the pleasantest hours I passed with the pigeons and their friends was at Palace Yard, Westminster. No wonder the birds come to this spot—everybody takes an interest in them. The sparrows have an inkling of the kindly treatment to be found here, and join in the banquet which is set forth on the stones of Palace Yard. And who are the pigeons' friends? Every cabman that drives into the yard—always a handful out of the bag, and

the horse never misses it; the attendant at the very spick and span cabman's shelter, who distributes the oddments left over, particularly the potatoes, of which the pigeons are particularly fond; the policemen—A301 has only to whistle, and down they come; Chief Inspector Horsley, who has kept a kindly eye on them for the last ten years; Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.; Lord Henry Bruce, who used to send down a sack of maize for winter use every year; and Sir Reginald Palgrave, the Clerk of the House of Commons. Sir

Thomas Erskine May would send oats, too.

The birds principally breed and build at the Abbey and the Victoria Tower, though a few are to be found behind the statues of the kings and queens alongside the residential



THE PIGEONS OF PALACE YARD.

portion of the yard. I had just learnt from A301 that a couple of jackdaws had ere now stolen the pigeons' eggs—he had seen the jackdaws perched on the very summit of the Clock Tower—and peeped in at the Inner Court, where Sir Reginald Palgrave has placed a drinking-trough for the birds, thirty of which he regularly feeds every day at one o'clock, when in crossing the yard I met Sir Reginald, and we were joined by Chief Inspector Horsley.

There was no misinterpreting Sir Reginald's happy expression at the mention of the word "pigeons." As the birds fluttered about the yard, giving unmistakable tokens of a knowledge of who was close at hand, we talked together. Sir Reginald remembers when first they came. It must be a score of years ago, for that is the length of time he has fed them. Sometimes they walk into his bedroom, and he mentions as a curious fact that, notwithstanding the clear-sightedness with which pigeons are generally credited, on foggy days, should he come out and whistle, they won't come down, though at other times they follow him about most assiduously. Twenty-five years ago he remembers



PALACE YARD—FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

swallows building here, whilst last year a couple of starlings settled in the vicinity of Palace Yard, but they went away in May.

The inspector talks most enthusiastically. He has known a pigeon remain at this spot for five years, and he, too, remembers a swallow here as recently as ten or eleven years ago. The bird made a nest in one of the square places leading up to the Committees' corridor. He has a very generous word to say for

the cabbies. He seems to know every bird, for he points them out one after the other, and tells me the length of time they have been at Westminster. Amongst the crowd are three or four without any tails—possibly from shooting-matches. Yes, the pigeons know where to find their firmest friends—to many of them Palace Yard is a haven of refuge. If you doubt it, seek out from the congregation a poor

CHIEF INSPECTOR
HORSLEY.

little bird with only one leg and no foot to that. It may often be seen in the middle of the yard picking up the corn in perfect contentment, for it is very well aware that the cabmen know it is there and always drive with greater care when they approach the unfortunate little fellow.



PALACE YARD—THE POLICE AND THE PIGEONS.

The Triumph of Love.

BY L. A. ATHERLEY-JONES, M.P.



YOU ask me to tell you what was the most curious and interesting case of insanity I can relate after nearly forty years' experience as a mad doctor.

Well, oddly enough, my first case after I went into practice on my own account was not only the most remarkable in my experience, but, for strange and thrilling interest, I believe unsurpassed in the history or even the romance of insanity.

In the autumn of 18— I took home to my widowed mother's house my young wife, with the intention of continuing the practice of a village doctor which my father had carried on for many years, and to which, by his death, I had just succeeded. It was not an encouraging prospect for an ambitious youngster of four-and-twenty. There in that little village, clustered along the banks of a mountain stream, on the fringe of breezy moorlands, there was small chance of fame or fortune. Within a circle of ten miles from our house there were hardly—I think—five hundred souls, and those stalwart dalesmen with their buxom wives and sturdy children seldom needed a doctor at their door. Why, old age, with them, rarely brought pain or ache, and if it were not for child-birth or an accident among the sportsmen, or a fall or a kick from a horse, I might have done little the year in and the year out, but tended the few acres of land which I know not for how many generations had been ours. It was a hard struggle to leave London and all its golden hopes, but despite the entreaties and arguments of my friends, I yielded to the dying request of my father, and the wish, silent, but not the less eloquent, of my mother.

It was for no want of will on my part. No one could charge me with neglect; and, when the call came, through rain and snow, I would gaily saddle my nag and ride through the darkness of night many a mile across the moor to some lone farm-

house. Yet, after two or three years, with my family increased, I found it was impossible to make ends meet, and, to cut my story short, I sat down and wrote to my friend, Doctor A., asking him whether he could send me a patient to live with us. I had not long to wait. Within a few days I received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had strongly recommended me to a Mrs. Chisholm, who was desirous of placing her son under the care of a medical man; that the case was mental, but not acute, and my remuneration would be most liberal. He requested me to write to the lady at her home in Scotland, and arrange for a personal interview. I need hardly say these were glad tidings to me. I lost no time in writing as suggested, and in the course of a few days, mother and son arrived at my house.

I was sitting with my dear wife in our little drawing-room when they were announced. Mrs. Chisholm came forward with that frank and easy air which is almost invariably the attribute of a well-bred woman.

"Mr. Armstrong," she said, "I have heard much of you and your wife from my friend, Dr. A. My son and I are both charmed with this lovely country and your quaint, old village; let me introduce him to you."

I shook hands with the young man, and, with the instinctive habit of a doctor, took rapid note of his appearance. He was a tall, slender, yet well-made youth of some nineteen



"I SHOOK HANDS WITH THE YOUNG MAN."

years of age, and of singularly handsome, and, to my mind—although my wife would never admit it—somewhat effeminate features. We talked freely together about indifferent things, and he entered with interest into my talk about the shooting and fishing of the district. There was nothing even to my prejudiced eye to indicate the slightest trace of insanity, although I observed that his face when in repose wore an aspect of sadness, in striking variance with its bright vivacity while he was engaged in conversation.

"Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Chisholm, after a time, "I should like to talk business with you, and perhaps your wife will allow my son to remain with her. I will not detain you long."

"No," said my wife, "please remain here. I will take Mr. Chisholm to see our piggeries, and initiate him into the mysteries of a poultry farm."

When they had passed out of the room Mrs. Chisholm in a few words unfolded to me the nature of the terrible malady to which her son was a victim. He was suffering from that peculiar form of mental disease known as "melancholia," or—I will not weary you with any dissertation on the character of this disorder. In its acute stage its victim is well described by a great English poet:—

He makes his heart a prey to black despair;
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of anything but thought; or if he talks,
'Tis to himself.

She said little, but she said enough to inspire me with the painful conviction that this curious emotional disease, known as melancholia, was in her son accompanied by that most terrible of all maladies, a propensity to acts of violence: in other words, that this gentle-looking and graceful youth was a victim to homicidal mania.

"Up till but

a few months ago," proceeded this poor lady, "I had hoped and believed that he suffered from nothing more than nervous excitement, the result of overwork; but a few weeks ago he developed symptoms that rendered it imperative that he should receive that care and attention which I am unable to give."

"You will forgive me for asking you," I said, "but it is absolutely necessary for me to know, if I am to have the care of your son, what these symptoms were of which you speak."

"I will conceal nothing from you that you desire to know," she replied. "Last month we were staying together at a little village in Brittany. I took him there for rest, as I thought he was a little over-worked by his studies for matriculation at Oxford, where, had all been well, he would have gone next October. We were sitting in our room at the hotel, when suddenly he rose from his seat and, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, cried out, 'Mother, save yourself! I am going to kill you.' I rose from my seat, threw myself into his arms, and besought him to be calm. A moment after he burst into a flood of tears, implored my forgiveness, and told me some horrible and unaccountable impulse had overwhelmed him. The next morning he told me that he was in a nervous



"MOTHER, SAVE YOURSELF!"

and depressed state, and himself begged me to place him under the care of a medical man."

"Is he conscious," I inquired, "of the nature of his malady?"

"Happily not—certainly not," she quickly responded; "he believes that he is suffering from a mere nervous disorder, which will readily yield to proper treatment."

At this point her pent-up emotions gave way, and, weeping piteously, she exclaimed: "Doctor, he is my only, my dearly loved child; say, is there any hope? Oh, pray, say there is hope that my dear one may be spared."

"Madam," I said, "your son's case is serious, but I by no means think it hopeless. In cases of this kind recoveries are not infrequent; but stay, they are returning"—for at that moment I heard the merry voice of my wife laughingly bidding her young companion carry the egg-basket more carefully. "You must not see your son like this," and so saying I sprang through the open casement on to the lawn just in time to catch them before they entered, and whispering a word to my wife, I asked Mr. Chisholm to accompany me to the stables.

"The stables are large," I said, "for the house, like the family that inhabit it, has seen better days, but their only occupant is my nag and my wife's old pony of all work."

"I like this place immensely," he replied; "and if you will allow me to stay with you for a month or two, I shall, with your permission, bring down one or two stable companions for your horses."

I told him I hoped we might have that pleasure; and thus, rambling about the garden and by the side of the little trout stream that babbled along under our windows, we conversed on numerous topics. During the whole of the conversation, although I narrowly observed all that he said, I could trace no indication of impaired intellectual power. On the contrary, I was satisfied even by this short interview that he possessed no mean capacity, and that his general information was, for his years, large and varied. I came then to the conclusion, which subsequent events confirmed, that he suffered from what to specialists is known as emotional insanity, in contradistinction to those forms of insanity which arise from a disordered intellect.

Although my experience of mental disease had been comparatively small, yet I had taken great interest in cases of homicidal mania, and I had at Dr. R.'s several patients suffering from this form of insanity under

my care, and had been fortunate enough to have enjoyed a large measure of success in their treatment. But I must not be led away into a tedious digression, and will resume my narrative.

On rejoining the ladies, I found my wife had completely won the heart of Mrs. Chisholm, whom she had persuaded to stay with us all night, instead of at the little inn. We spent a long and pleasant evening. Mr. Chisholm sang and played with my wife, and no one looking at him, next to my wife, the gayest of our circle, would have dreamt that so dark a cloud hung over his bright young life.

After our guests had retired I explained to my wife the situation, and expressed my doubts whether, with our three little children, it would be prudent to receive into our house anyone afflicted with this dangerous disorder.

Mildred replied, wife-like: "Ralph, whatever you do will be for the best." Then woman-like, "You may not have such another chance again. Mrs. Chisholm is immensely rich, and will grudge us nothing we like to ask."

"Well," I replied, "we mad doctors have to risk a deal; and if you have no fear, I have none, so let it be."

The next morning after breakfast I took Mrs. Chisholm into my study and told her that I was prepared to receive her son, but inasmuch as it would not be possible for me to be in constant attendance upon him, it was necessary that a male servant should be employed who might unobtrusively observe his movements. She told me she fully appreciated the necessity of providing her son with a general attendant, and for that purpose she proposed placing at my disposal an old and trusted servant, who had been valet to her husband, and to whom she had felt compelled to confide the sad state of her son.

I fully acquiesced, and we then made all final arrangements; as to my remuneration, it was on a scale of liberality far beyond my expectation. I suggested that, in her as well as his interest, Mr. Chisholm's residence with me should commence forthwith, and that I should at once ascertain his views thereon.

She assented, and the result of a short interview with Mr. Chisholm was that he cheerfully agreed to commence that evening his stay at Burnhope Grange.

Mrs. Chisholm left early that afternoon, and as I saw her into her carriage, with the sole companionship of her maid, I was profoundly moved at that splendid fortitude

which enabled her to present a cheerful countenance when her heart must have been torn by the anguish that a widowed mother alone can feel when bidding what might well be a final farewell to her only child. Once only did her courage fail her, and that was when my wife, dear soul, said to her that, young as she was, she would try to be a mother to her boy until his return. She took my wife's hand in hers and gently kissed her on the forehead, and when we were alone that night, my wife told me that as she gave that kiss she let fall a tear-drop on her hand, the sorrowful tribute of a mother's love.

I need not trouble you by telling all the arrangements I made for Mr. Chisholm's safety: they cost me no little trouble and anxiety, for while on the one hand I had to secure the most complete supervision of his movements, on the other I had most carefully to avoid giving him the smallest ground for suspicion that he was subject to surveillance. Fortunately I found in his servant, Roderick McGregor, an invaluable co-adjutor.

Roderick, although he had been soldier-servant to Mr. Chisholm's father when the latter was a young subaltern in a cavalry regiment, was still in the prime of life, and as alert and vigorous as a typical Highlander should be. He was devotedly attached to his young master, and I was delighted to find his affection was reciprocated by the young man, and so it turned out quite natural that, whether he went out alone, or with me, on our almost daily riding, or fishing, or shooting excursion, this faithful servitor should be in attendance.

Two months had passed by since he came among us. One quiet evening, towards the

close of September, Mr. Chisholm and I were sitting together at my study window, looking out westward over the moors, now flooded with the splendour of an autumnal sunset. The purple glory of the heather had faded into a sombre brown, but now beneath that rich afterglow it seemed transformed into a sea of ruddy gold. Save for the ripple of the little burn and the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell, all was still. A kestrel hawk, poised to swoop down upon its prey, stood forth in clear relief against the sky. I raised my

eyes from the book I was toying with rather than reading, and looked upon my companion. I had observed with distress that during the past two or three days there had been a marked change in his demeanour. Up till that time I had every reason to be satisfied. The melancholy and fitful changes of temper, which constituted the marked and characteristic condition of his malady, had unmistakably yielded to my firm but gentle discipline and the wholesome quietude of country life. But there had undoubtedly been a relapse, though I was quite unable



"SHE GENTLY KISSED HER."

to trace the cause. He had become gloomy and morose, and occasionally gave way to little bursts of irritability without any apparent cause. And now as I gazed upon his face I saw that, though his eyes appeared to rest upon the weird beauty of that vast wilderness before us, his mind was far away, traversing some troubled sea of thought.

"Gerald," I said, anxious to rouse him from his reverie; "see yon hawk about to strike its prey."

"I was thinking," he said, responding to my thoughts rather than my speech, "how much these wild fells and hills remind me of dear old Scotland," and then, abruptly:

"You have heard, Dr. Armstrong, of our Highland superstition of second sight?"

"Yes," I replied, "and Roderick has favoured me with many an uncanny legend touching your own ancestral hall; but why do you ask me?"

He paused, but after a moment's hesitation went on:—

"Of course I don't believe in the thing, but two nights in succession this week I dreamed that I had tried to take the life of one for whom I would gladly lay down my own." He stopped, and leaning over the ledge of the window, covered his face with his hands.

I was deeply agitated, more, perhaps, than as a doctor I should have been, but to me he had become, even in that short time, less a patient than a younger brother. There flashed across my mind the story of that night when his mother stood in peril of her life. It was of her I thought he spoke. Ah, little deemed I that it might be one more dear and more near even than a mother. Across the sky the hawk was bearing in its cruel talons a tender dove, and often in after times, when I have recalled this scene, it has seemed to me that those two birds were for a portent of what might be.

"Gerald," I said, "when thoughts such as these come over you, turn for strength to Him who alone can afford it"; and then, thinking I was unwise to be thus serious, I added: "You are not yourself, my boy; you have been reading too much and riding too little."

At this moment the servant entered and announced that Colonel and Miss Aylmer were in the drawing-room.

"Come, Gerald," I cried, "there is some-one downstairs who will dispel all these gloomy fancies."

He hesitated; he was in no mood for society, but his mental strength triumphed over his moral weakness, and it was on this strong intellectual force of his character that I based my hopes of his ultimate recovery. We entered the drawing-room.

"How are you, Armstrong?" cried the hearty voice of the Colonel. "We are late callers, but we have been at 'The Warrenne,' and it is so long since we met that we thought we'd look in on our way home."

"I am glad to see you," I replied, "and Ella too. I only heard yesterday of your return from abroad. Let me introduce to you both Mr. Chisholm, of——"

I turned as I spoke and was surprised to

observe on Gerald's face a look of embarrassment and confusion, on hers of amusement and girlish fun.

"It is not the first time we have met," she said, laughing, "although I did not before know Mr. Chisholm's name. I was riding on the fell, and Mr. Chisholm gallantly recovered my hat which was sailing away to Blea Tarn."

"Mr. Chisholm," said the Colonel, "I am glad to make your acquaintance. I think I can claim some distant kinship on the maternal side with your ancient family."

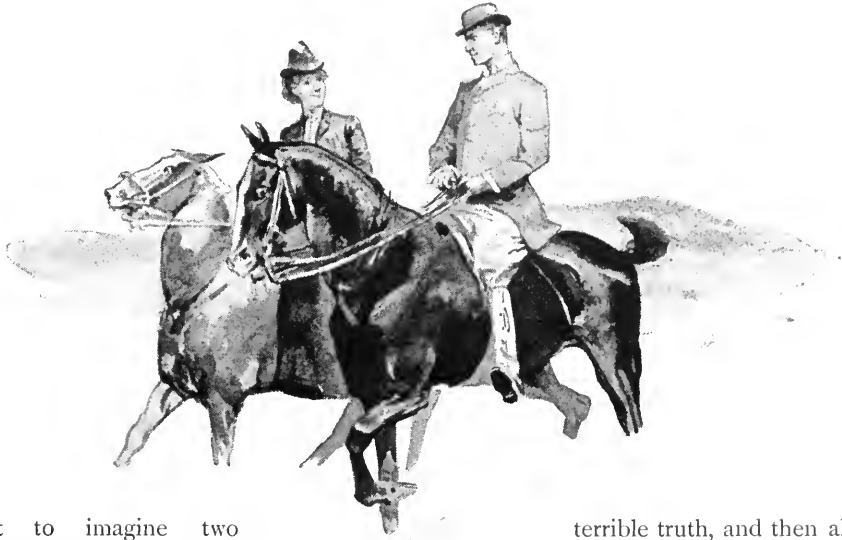
And so we chatted away pleasantly enough, and when this visit ended, short as it was, my wife and Ella had made no end of engagements for fishing and riding and picnics, in all of which, I overheard, Gerald was to play a part.

Colonel Aylmer, who lived at "The Chase," was a large landowner in our district and a near neighbour. Our families had been on friendly terms for many generations past, and though our acres had dwindled and we had sunk from the position of squires to that of little better than yeomen, the old friendship had never been severed, and there were few warmer friends than John Aylmer and I.

Ella was his only child, and though I was seven years her senior, there was rarely a day when I was home from my school that we were not together; and when I married our vicar's daughter, little Ella was our bridesmaid, and I well remember on that day whispering to her that when she married, my little girl should be her maid.

Well, the next few weeks passed very happily. The Colonel and Gerald became fast friends, and as for Ella, seldom a day passed but what we saw her. I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress of my patient; his fits of depression were rarer, and not so profound or so protracted; in fact, I indulged in such strong hopes of his speedy recovery, that towards the end of October I ventured to suggest to him that it might be practicable for him to commence his residence at Oxford in the following January. I was pleased, for I took it as a mark of affection for us and our home, that he showed no anxiety to acquiesce in my proposal; on the contrary, he suggested that he would prefer to stay with us until the commencement of the summer term.

One bright, sunny day at the end of October, Ella had been lunching with us, and Gerald was to see her home across the fell. My wife and I stood at the door watching them ride forth, and indeed it would be



"ACROSS THE FELL."

difficult to imagine two happier young creatures. Her joyous laugh was fresh and free as the moorland breeze that bore it to our ears. She, on her chestnut palfrey, the ideal of grace and beauty; he, on a great black horse, with lithe and manly figure, away over that great stretch of brown-grey heather and golden bracken, the dim distance of the hills before them; surely it was a pretty picture that may well live in an old man's memory.

My wife laid her hand upon my arm. "Ralph," she said, "how they love one another!"

I turned quickly round. "Mildred," I cried, "you are talking wildly. What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," said my wife, "and no more. They are lovers, and they both know each other's mind."

"It is impossible, Mildred," I said, and I spoke almost angrily to my dearie. "You have done wrong in allowing this to go on."

"Ralph," she replied, "their love went forth to each other the day he chased her hat over the heather."

"There remains," I said, "but one course for me to follow: in his condition, marriage is impossible. I must acquaint Colonel Aylmer with the truth, and let him do what he thinks best."

"If you do that," cried my wife, "you will break her heart and destroy him. Now, listen to me, my husband: Colonel Aylmer, if you tell him, can do but one thing: he will forbid any intercourse between them; Gerald—or, for the matter of that, Ella—will never submit. Gerald must then be told the

terrible truth, and then all hope of his recovery will be for ever gone. Is it not so? You have often told me his ignorance of his malady was one of the greatest assurances of his recovery."

"Wife," I said, and I spoke sternly, "would you have us stand by and let Ella Aylmer marry a madman?"

"No, no, not for a thousand worlds," she cried; "but you have told me again and again that he would get well."

"I have honestly thought so, but a love attachment is a disturbing influence which has not entered into my calculations. As a matter of fact," I continued, "during the past few days I have noticed symptoms of excitement which——"

"Oh, most learned pundit," laughingly interrupted my wife, "was your calm philosophy undisturbed when your Millie deigned to accept your hand?"

I will not trouble you with the rest of our conversation. My wife argued with all the force of a woman who pleads the cause of two young lovers, and, indeed, I was bound to admit that there was much to be said in favour of her contention. I fully appreciated the disastrous consequences to Gerald were the engagement—for such, no doubt, it was—broken off and the terrible truth revealed; and to break it off, save at his own instance, would, if I rightly judged Ella's character, be impossible. On the other hand, I felt it equally impossible to allow Ella to remain in ignorance of the true position of affairs, and, as it were, to stake her future happiness on the hazard of Gerald's recovery. My wife reluctantly and tearfully assented to the

necessity of confiding the dread secret to Miss Aylmer; and, although I entertained grave doubts whether, not merely as a friend of the Aylmer family, but as a man of honour, it was not my duty to disclose the truth to her father, I finally decided, for the present, at least, to confine my communication to his daughter.

The more I weighed the matter the stronger did I feel my justification; for if I caused the engagement to be broken off, disasters would be the inevitable result, while my belief in his ultimate recovery had become firmer with every succeeding month, and I felt satisfied that the concentration of his affections in the passion of reciprocated love, although possibly in the first instance prejudicial, would tend eventually to the subordination and, ultimately, the elimination of those morbid emotions, which hitherto had found their only counteracting force in his intellectual strength.

With reverent hands I draw the veil over my interview with Ella Aylmer. Our ancient friendship rendered my task, in a measure, easier. She frankly confessed her love for Gerald, and—ah me! although I knew it could not be otherwise with her—my heart was not too old to thrill with mingled joy and sorrow when, standing erect within the framework of the window, very pale and sad, she said:—

“Mr. Armstrong, I shall never take back the promise I gave to Gerald.”

One condition alone I exacted from her, and that was that under no circumstances, without my consent, was her marriage to take place before the lapse of three years.

It was early in April; some five months had passed since my interview with Ella. We had seen comparatively little of the folks at “The Chase,” for it had been a hard winter and bad travelling across the moor, and even as late as this, great wreaths of snow lay on the roads. And now I was anxious about Gerald. His old fits of depression had returned, and more than once my watchful scrutiny detected, in the sudden flushing of the cheek and the fitful gleam in his eyes, the darkly boding signs of mischief; yet I observed with satisfaction how manfully his fine intellect battled against the thralldom of this malign influence, but still the situation was sufficiently alarming for me to take every precaution. As for himself, I had no fear, for I was fully satisfied that there was no suicidal tendency, but I arranged that during the daytime he should be under the constant and close observation of either Roderick or myself.

It was the 6th of April, the snow was still on the moor, and Ella had driven over in her sleigh to lunch and spend the afternoon with us. Gerald, during luncheon, was cheerful, almost mirthful. His merriment, however, received a sudden check when Ella said: “This will be my last visit for some time to the Grange; next week we are going to London. Papa wishes me to be ‘presented,’ and I suppose we shall not be back at ‘The Chase’ before July.”

“Well, that is news,” he exclaimed; “I thought you were going to stay here all the summer. When you are among all the fine folk in London you will forget all about us poor simple joskins.”

Ella threw a reproachful glance from her soft brown eyes upon the speaker, and I guessed by a little movement of the tablecloth that some gentle and silent pledge of faith was given.

“I tell you what,” cried my impulsive little wife, “I mean to attend your Drawing Room tea, and if Ralph won’t give me a holiday in town, Mr. Chisholm will, won’t you, Gerald, honey? I mean to see all the pretty frocks. Why, the fact is, I have not, save you, Ella, dear, seen a decently dressed woman since we came here four mortal years ago.”

I promised my wife I would take her to London for a holiday, and Gerald agreed to go with us, and so we all chatted away about the fine doings we would have in London.

After a time my wife went up to the nursery, and I withdrew into the library which opened out of the drawing-room, into which Miss Aylmer and Gerald had gone. I sat down to write my letters, among them my weekly one to his mother, and through the half-open door there came the gentle murmur of their conversation. Presently I heard the soft voice of Ella, to the accompaniment of her zither, singing a little French ditty—I call to mind the words:—

Tu t’en repentiras, Colin, tu t’en repentiras,

Si tu prends une femme, Colin, tu t’en repentiras.

What it was that caused the feeling I cannot tell or understand, but somehow the thought of the kestrel and the dove flashed into my mind, and an uneasy sensation came over me that something evil was about to happen. I laid down my pen and gazed forth on the moor; the sun was slowly westering and tinging the wide expanse of snow with its crimson light. The voice of the singer had ceased and all was still. I rose from my seat, and, led by what impulse I know not, moved towards the half-opened door.

Suddenly there came a cry that thrilled every nerve in my body. For one moment I was powerless ; the next, I dashed through the door into the drawing-room. I there beheld a scene which will never fade from my memory, and even now, after these long years, causes me ever and anon at night to wake with a start and a cry.

There, knife in hand upraised to strike, his countenance deformed by the hideous grin of a maniac, stood Gerald, while Ella, white as marble, flung her fair arms around his neck, and with those lovely eyes upturned to his, cried : "Gerald, you will not hurt your Ella !"

It was not my fierce shout ; nay, it was her pure love and devotion ; but the knife fell from his hand, the baleful light faded from his eyes, and springing back with a look of horror as he realized the dreadful truth, he fell senseless on the ground.

I need not tell the rest. My wife and

were that the fever might end in complete restoration to reason ; my fears, in permanent, irrecoverable insanity.

Ella, dear girl, had bravely borne up. She stayed much with us, and when she was at her father's, rarely a day passed but she or the squire would drive over to ask for news of our patient.

The gloom of winter had passed, the fells were decked with the golden whin, and the ling was sending forth its tender green shoots : the fields were glad with the bleating of lambs, and the woods joyous with the song of birds. Once again Gerald and I sat at the study window, he propped up by pillows, thin and wan ; but all the fever had gone, and his mind was calm and restful. Of the events of that terrible evening he had said nothing. Since his return to consciousness he often asked after Ella, but never expressed a desire to see her, and from this fact I judged, and, as the event proved, rightly, that

his memory revealed to him something of the mournful truth.

"Gerald," I said, "do you feel strong enough to receive a visitor to-day. Miss Aylmer is coming over this afternoon, and I told her that perhaps she might see you."

His face flushed with a sudden joy, which quickly faded away, and for a time he sat silent.

At length he answered, speaking slowly and gently.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, "Ella Aylmer and I can never meet again. I know now what I feared when —" he paused a moment, as if dreading to recall a half-forgotten scene, and continued : "when I first came to your house. I am suffering from a malady which forbids all thought of

what otherwise might have been."

"Gerald," I replied, "say no more. You have anticipated what I was going to talk over with you, but you are wrong in taking so gloomy a view ; listen, and I will explain all." And then I told him in as few words as I could the nature of his ailment, that it was often curable, and how I hoped and believed that he would, and probably had, overcome it ; and it was not, in my judgment



"HE FELL SENSELESS TO THE GROUND."

Roderick, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the room, and while Roderick and I carried Gerald to his bed, she ministered to the fainting girl. In the morning Gerald was in a high fever and delirious ; for weeks he hovered between life and death. I sent for his mother to be at hand in case of the worst, but would not let her see her son. How anxiously did I await the return to consciousness from that long delirium ; my hopes

nor in that of the best scientists, associated with any hereditary taint. When I had finished, he burst into tears, but they were tears of joy and hope.

"As soon as you are strong enough," I continued, "we will leave England and spend some months in foreign travel; meantime let things remain as they are, and when we return you will both take that course which may be the best."

At that moment Miss Aylmer's carriage drove to the door, and with a few kind and reassuring words I went forth to receive Ella, and prepare her for meeting her lover.

My story is reaching its end. In the following spring Gerald and I were again at Burnhope, and what a "coming home" it was. It was May Day. "The maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year." All the folk of the village were out to meet us, and I felt half jealous of Gerald, for they all seemed as glad to see him as me. But when I had done kissing my wife and our bonnie bairns I turned to Ella, who stood by her father's side, and gave her a look that told her as eloquently as any words that all was well.

The next day I rode over to Colonel Aylmer's and told him the whole story. To tell the truth I felt some fear of his anger at my failing to tell him at the outset. He was deeply troubled at my recital, but when I told him I was sure that Gerald's recovery was complete, he assented to the engagement being continued, but insisted that a period of two years should intervene before marriage, and that meantime I should take the opinions of the most eminent specialists as to Gerald's present and prospective mental condition.

My little daughter Maud fulfilled her father's promise, and was maid to Ella Aylmer. When Gerald drove away from "The Chase," amid the shouts of the village lads and lassies and the skirl of the pipes—for Roderick had insisted that pipers should come from the Highland home of the Chisholms to do honour to their chief—then Mrs. Chisholm drew my wife aside and said, "Will you let me make my home with you?"

And the two women wept while I with dimmed eyes gazed after the chaise speeding through the purple heather and the golden whin.



Snap-Shots on a Yacht.



HERE is probably no place in the world that gives such opportunities to an amateur photographer as a sailing yacht; and if our photographer is a bit of a climber,

he can get, with an instantaneous camera, some interesting and curious pictures. Nearly all who go to sea in sailing yachts want to get pictures of their vessel under all sorts of conditions. Here are some pictures which illustrate what can be done, with the assistance of a Kodak, by those whose knowledge of photography is absolutely *nil*.

Everyone, I suppose, who has ever been aloft to lace or unlace a gaff topsail has been struck with the view looking downwards, and many, no doubt, have wished to reproduce in a picture what they see when looking from a height of some 50ft. Well, the mast-head of a cutter-rigged vessel is not much of a berth for an easel and sketching materials, but we can get what we want

with a camera. This was tried one bright, fine day; the skipper himself went aloft, and ingeniously balancing himself with one foot in the rigging and one on the topmast hoop of the mainsail, managed to get some shots at the deck beneath him—here are the results



NO. 2.—BELOW THERE !



NO. 1.—SEEN FROM ALOFT.

(Nos. 1, 2, and 3). On the whole they were very successful; the foam rushing by alongside, the line of the ship's wake, the odds and ends lying about on deck, the binnacle, hatchways, etc., come out capitally, but the difficulty is to get a view clear of rigging, for any rope near the lens of the camera is exaggerated till it looks the size of a mast—and blocks up half the picture. You see at once that the vessel is not fitted like an ordinary yacht, and that she was not built as a pleasure craft; so a word or two as to her origin will not be misplaced. She is the old *Diligent*, a name familiar to many an old lighthouse-keeper and lightship skipper, for she began life some fifty years ago as a



NO. 3.—ANOTHER SHOT FROM ALOFT.

Trinity House tender, and for many years was employed in attending on the lightships on the south coast; then she became one of the training vessels of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers—a corps which the authorities recently abolished.

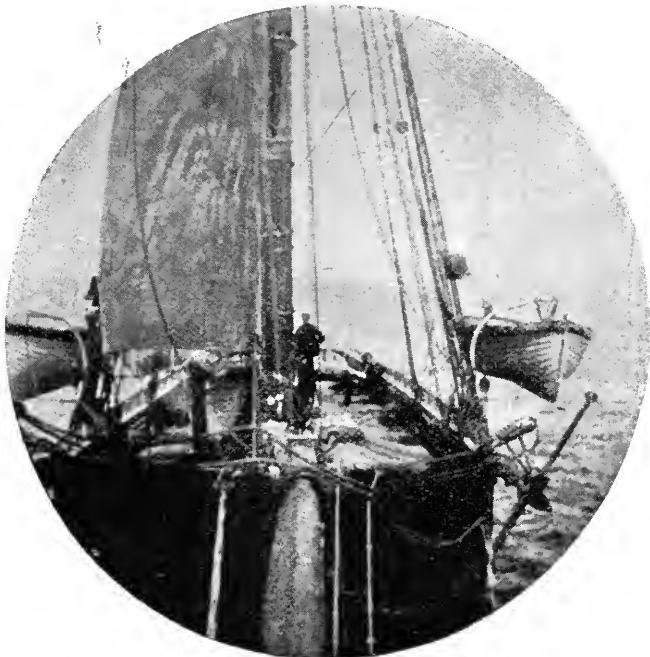
Why they did so will always be a painful puzzle to the many hundreds of us who worked in and for the corps, and who asked for nothing better than to be allowed to continue serving our country in the way for which we were best fitted. We are told, among other things, that we were unable to acquire “the habits of a seafaring population.” We were not told very clearly what those “habits” are, but if the ancient “hand, reef, and steer” are included among them, surely we were not altogether unacquainted with these things. In gunboats, training brigs, schooners, cutters, single-handed sailing boats—even on board barges—we had sailed the mouth of the Thames and the south coast of England from the North Fore-

land to Penzance time without number. Our men have even navigated and worked their own vessels across the Bay to “Gib,” and across the North Sea to Norway.

Anyhow, though the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers are abolished (soon, we trust, to come to life again, so badly does volunteering need encouragement), the old *Diligent*, which trained not a few of us, is still sound and hearty, and now she is owned and commanded by Mr. Sydney Hoare, who commanded her in old days as an officer in the R.N.A.V., and is manned (with the exception of one retired man-of-war’s-man and two boys) entirely by a club of amateur sailors, principally hailing from the Temple, with a good sprinkling of solicitors, men coaching for the Army, and undergraduates. Such

was the vessel whose deck you see from aloft.

For the photographer, however, there are many points of vantage besides the mast-head: the bowsprit, for instance, is a capital place to shoot the ship from. In smooth water it is easy enough to stand upright on



NO. 4.—LOOKING AFT.



NO. 5.—FROM THE BOWSPRIT END.

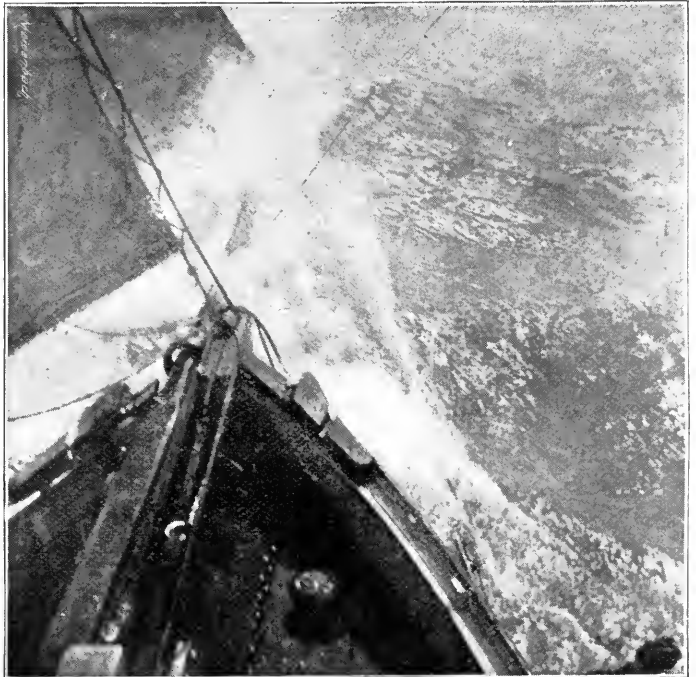
the end, and from thence you get as beautiful and as striking a view of your ship as you can get from any point. The vessel is rushing towards you, hurling aside the white water under her bows, the copper under her fore-foot gleaming in the sunlight, and giving you a picture of beauty and power which the photograph very feebly reproduces. It wants a painter to do justice to it; but then everyone would say: "How unnatural! Who ever saw a ship coming like that?" The camera gives it a stamp of genuineness, at any rate.

Nos. 4 and 5 were both done from the bowsprit end; No. 4, which was taken by a man standing upright at the extreme end of the spar, gives a good view along the deck; and, by the way, the second cutter—the boat you see hoisted up at the davits on the port side of the ship—met with an untimely fate last season, for while on a passage from Ber-

wick-on-Tweed to Christian-sand, in a strong breeze of wind (which those who were up in Scotland on the 20th and 21st of August last year may perhaps remember), a heavy sea struck her, snapping the foremost davit as though it had been a carrot, dashing the hapless cutter against the lee channels. We saw the last of her drifting astern, bottom upwards, stove in, and barely showing above the water.

The other view you get from the bowsprit end was done by leaning over, and bending down so as to get a shot at the water-line. It really hardly does justice to the broadness of the old ship's bows (cameras are so bad at perspective), for she has a breadth and a bluffness of bow you never see in a modern vessel. This is not good for

speed, of course, but when a strong breeze is blowing, and our narrow, sharp-bowed friends are congratulating themselves that they are safe in port, the "broad-faced old tub" is reeling out her eight or nine



NO. 6.—PUTTING HER NOSE INTO IT.

knots with comfort and safety.

Sometimes the bowsprit end will afford a berth not unlike the old ducking-stool—if one could only stick on—for, close-hauled in a strong breeze and rough sea, up goes the end high into the air, then with a swoop she'll dive into a sea, which breaks half-way up the jib and leaves only the inboard end of the spar, which is between the bits, visible. We got one very successful shot in one of these plunges. Looking at it (No. 6), it is hard to realize that when the ship is in smooth water the bowsprit end is some 7ft. or 8ft. above the surface. Strong breezes and heavy seas are the times when accidents happen, and though spars ought not to be carried away, they sometimes are, even in vessels manned by real sailors; so we mere amateurs cannot expect to be exempt from small misfortunes. One day in a sharp squall the gaff carried away, just between the inner and outer slings of the peak halliards. The watchful Kodak



NO. 8.—IN THE NORTH SEA.

was on the spot, and though the light was not very favourable, a very fairly good picture of the disaster was obtained—except that as the view is taken from the quarter-deck, the foreshortening makes the sail look rather out of shape (No. 7).

The next photograph (No. 8) of a single wave is, I must say, rather disappointing.

We had sailed from Berwick-on-Tweed one evening, bound across the North Sea, with a slashing breeze from the southward—and a look in the sky which showed there'd be "more before there was less" in the way of wind and weather. Up to midnight it was magnificent going; but then the skipper took advantage of the change of watch, and it was "all hands shorten sail," and we continued our course under reefed canvas. During the morning watch a boat and davits were washed away, and by two bells in the forenoon watch the wind had freshened to what the meteorological people call a moderate gale, so it was about time to heave to, and for the next twenty-seven hours we were slowly mounting the great seas with our reefed foresail hauled a-weather. Presently



NO. 7.—GAFF CARRIED AWAY.

the sun came out, and now we thought comes the chance for the Kodak—we'll show our friends ashore what a big sea looks like, when one is hove to in a strong breeze. So, as soon as it was bright enough, we got out the camera and set to work; most of our attempts were failures, but one came out. The sea, which looked a great, big, tall fellow from the deck of our little ship, was caught just as the crest curled over and broke into foam—but the photograph makes it look like a comparatively small wave a great distance off, and entirely fails to give that appearance of height and grandeur that a big sea has when viewed from the deck of a small vessel down in the hollow. In bad weather at sea, as a rule, no photographs can be taken—the light is too bad—and the most exciting scrambles, reefing down, shifting jibs, running in the bowsprit, etc., which would be capital subjects for the camera, take place either when there is no light for the photographer, or when all hands are so busy that there is no opportunity of playing about with the camera. When once reefed down and hove to, there's plenty of chance, if the sun comes out, as it often does in a summer's gale, before the wind begins to moderate or the sea to go down, and any number of shots may be taken.

The camera, too, is a great detector of "sugaring," or shirking. Take a shot at a

number of men at work on deck, and the photograph shows quickly enough who were working and who were not. Still, I must do our men justice to say that shirking is not one of their sins. No. 9 is one of the hands obeying an order: "Just jump up on the boom and clear that reef pennant." The deck has just been washed down: we are running before a fine breeze, the main-sheet eased well out, but the spar is tolerably steady, so our amateur Jack scrambles out to the end of the boom, and, while clearing the reef pennant, he offers a tempting shot to the Kodak, and in a trice he is caught with a snapshot. The end of the boom is a capital place from which to take the quarter-deck when the ship is running free: you are just the proper distance from the helmsman; but to use the camera from this point we must have a good, steady breeze, and not too much sea—for if the spar jerked about at all, both camera and photographer would be sent headlong into the water.

These are the cream of our photographs; at least, of those which may, I think, be fairly described as a little out of the common run, though, of course, the photographer's chances are not confined to his own ship. Every vessel that passes near gives him his opportunity, and a lovely collection of vessels under canvas—from the billy-boy to the huge four-masted ship—may be made. Yachting, of

course, is not always smooth-water and fine-weather work—at least, if you go to sea at all; and a week's thrashing across the North Sea, against dirty and squally weather from the south-west and west during the autumn equinox, may well be described as roughing it, but this the camera will not reproduce. When the reefed trysail is set the light is too bad; the camera discreetly only preserves pictures taken under bright skies, and serves to remind us of the pleasantest incidents in a season's yachting.

That others who take that instrument to sea may bring back equally pleasant recollections is the sincere wish of one who would like to sign himself "The Mate of the *Diligent*," but is better known to the irreverent inhabitants of the lower deck as "THE KNIGHT OF THE SCRUBBING BRUSH."



NO. 9.—DICK CLEARS THE REEF PENNANT.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



From a]

AGE 10.

[Photograph.

MISS JANOTHA.



MISS NATALIE JANOTHA was born in Warsaw, and from an early age displayed great musical talents, devoting herself especially to the study of pianoforte playing. She studied for some time under Schumann, and also in Berlin under Dr. Joachim, having later on obtained the highest diploma of the Royal St. Cecilia Academy in Rome. Miss Janotha was for many years Court pianiste



AGE 20

From a Photo. by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

to the First German Emperor, and has often been commanded to play before the Queen, whose first present of a jewelled cross can be seen as worn by Miss Janotha in our third photo. The late Lord Tennyson spoke of her as "the Queen of Melody," and Her Majesty the Queen conferred upon her the honour of the Victoria Badge.



From an]

AGE 17.

[Engraving



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.



From a Miniature AGE 10. [Painted by Stewart.]

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

BORN 1818.

JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS, Duke of Rutland, LL.D., D.C.L., G.C.B., second son of the late John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1839. In



From a Painting by AGE 33. [Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.]

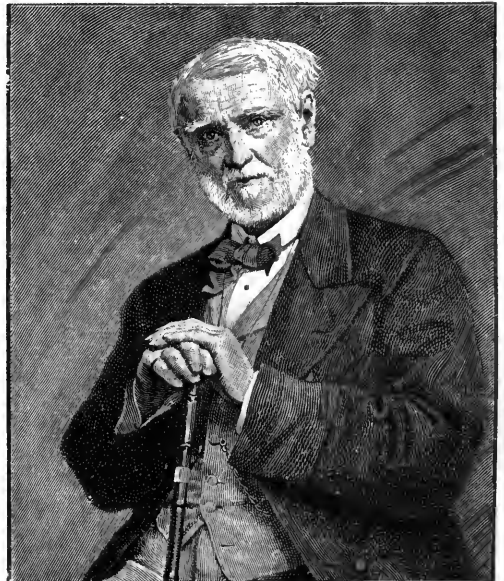
1852, and held the same appointment in the latter's second and third Administrations. In 1874 he was appointed Postmaster-General. His Grace has written many excellent books, which are, however, too numerous to mention here.



From a Painting AGE 17. [by Mrs. Carpenter.]

June, 1841, he was returned member in the Conservative interest for the Borough of Newark. He was appointed First Commissioner for the Office of Works, with a seat in the Cabinet, and sworn a Privy Councillor in Lord Derby's first Administration in

*Vol. viii.—53.



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [Elliot & Fry.]



undergraduate] AGE 21. [at Oxford.
From a Daguerreotype.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

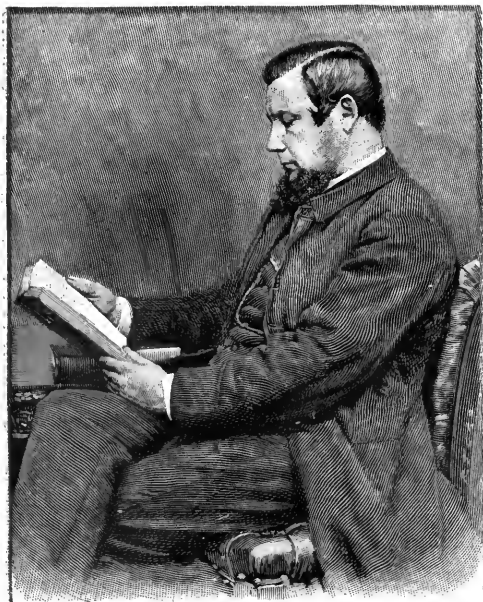


HE REV. ROBERT CLAUDIUS BILLING, D.D., Bishop of Bedford, graduated at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1857, and was ordained in 1858. Dr. Billing,



AGE 44.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street.

who was vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth, from 1863 to 1873, and of Holy Trinity, Islington, from 1873 to 1878, was in the latter year appointed to the Rectory of Spitalfields. In 1888 he was consecrated Bishop Suffragan (for Diocese of London) of Bedford.



AGE 29.
From a Photo. by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

FREDERIC VILLIERS.

BORN 1852.



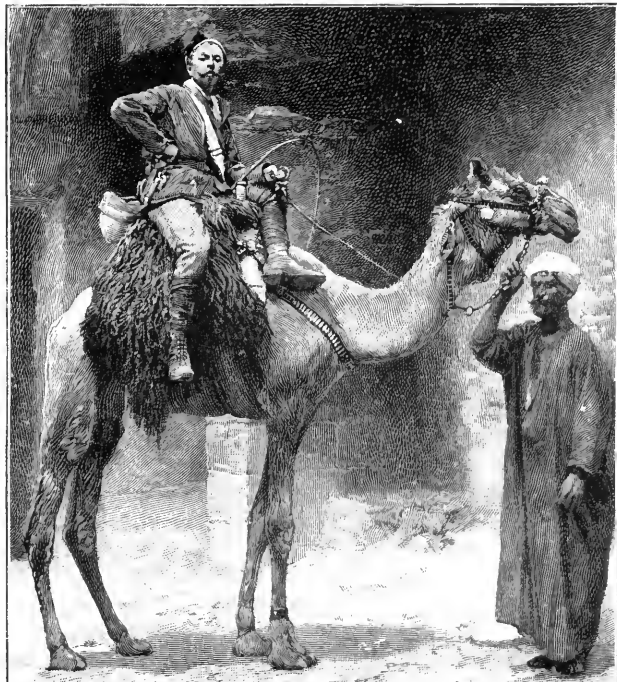
R. FREDERIC VILLIERS, one of our ablest artist-correspondents, was born in London, and became a student of the Royal



AGE 19.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Academy in 1870; in 1876, as special artist and correspondent



From a Photo. by]

AGE 34.

[B. Facchinelli, Cairo.

for the *Graphic*, he went through the Servian Campaign and afterwards the Russo-Turkish War with Mr. Archibald Forbes; they were the only two English correspondents at the crossing of the Danube. Mr. Villiers has ever since



AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Professor Koller, Budapest.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Dickinsons, New Bond Street.

acted as special war correspondent for many of our illustrated papers, undergoing many hardships with the troops, and has lately left England to report on the war between China and Japan.

The Dogs of Celebrities.

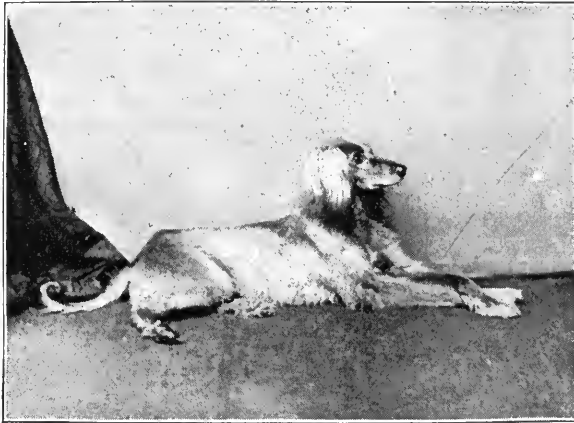
PORTRAITS of dogs have been made from the earliest times ; but just now dog portraiture is passing into a craze. To display in the drawing-room an elegant oil painting, crayon drawing, or photograph, in many instances life size, of the favourite canine pet of the family, is a proceeding so entirely in vogue as to be almost commonplace. There are several ladies and gentlemen of talent who have turned their attention to this speciality in portraiture—one or two have even exquisitely appointed studios in fashionable localities—and the only sitters who cross their portals are dogs, accompanied by their indulgent masters and mistresses.

Of the photographers of dogs, Mr. Thomas Fall is perhaps the most successful, although Mr. Lawrence Lowe, of St. John's Wood, has had even a longer experience, not entirely devoid of very excellent results.

"It is no slight degree of art," said Mr. Fall, "to obtain a satisfactory portrait of a dog. To many people, all dogs of a particular breed look alike. Anybody—theveriest amateur—may secure the anatomical proportions of a dog ; but that individuality without which the likeness of one fox-terrier is like that of any other fox-terrier, is only obtainable after long and patient canine study. Every dog has a strong facial characteristic well known to his master, but apt to be overlooked by strangers, and it is this detail of his identity which must be transmitted to the portrait, or its value is lost."

Not all dogs, happily, so exact the art and patience of the photographer. There are some whose identity is so pronounced that it can be seen at a glance. Such a dog is "Mustapha," who enjoys the distinction of having sat for his portrait nearly a hundred

times. Few of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE could fail to be interested in "Mustapha," for besides his almost human intelligence and his remarkable appearance, in his veins flows bluer blood than in any other dog in the whole world. His pedigree runs back centuries before the Christian era. Portraits of his direct ancestors appear engraved upon cuneiform tablets and pillars—rudely, indeed, as may be seen from numerous *facsimile* examples at the British Museum—so that it is not wonderful that "Mustapha" should inherit a taste and facility for undergoing the operation. This singular dog was, until lately, the property of the Shah of Persia, as his sire is at this moment, and in the sumptuous palace of Nasr-ed-Din at Teheran hangs a life-size portrait of "Mustapha's" great-great-grand sire, painted by a French artist, M. Delormel, who remained nearly a year at the Persian capital about the middle of the present century. In the accompanying portrait, it is the eye



From a Photo. by]

THE SHAH'S "MUSTAPHA." [T. Fall, Baker Street.

which will enchain attention. Rarely has a dog been known to possess a more strikingly human expression. It seems to embody all the wisdom of the thousands of "Mustapha's" ancestors, and even to denote the possession of as many thousand State secrets which his ear alone was privileged to overhear.

And a very singular ear it is, too. It is like that of no other dog—resembling rather a shock of long grey hair on either side of his face.

We have given "Mustapha" precedence, but there is another dog—a dog, indeed, of a totally different kind—whose portrait deserves to be quite as eagerly scanned by our readers, even though his blood is not a fraction so blue, even though his immediate ancestors were in humble circumstances in the region of the Black Forest. The name of this dog



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S "CAVILL."
From a Photograph.

is "Cavill," and his Royal mistress is the Duchess of York; but "Cavill" has already sworn even greater allegiance to a Royal master, too—the tiny Prince whose birth not long ago was heralded with acclaim throughout the length and breadth of these dominions. "Cavill" is not absolute ruler of the White Lodge kennels, but he reigns very firmly indeed in the affections of the Princess, who has several times been photographed with him as well as taken him out herself to the photographers. "Cavill" is well known in Richmond as a favourite dog of Royalty. On the occasion of the recent visit of Her Majesty to White Lodge the pet dachshund dashed straight up to the Queen the moment she descended from her carriage before any of the servants could interfere. He is only three years old, and as he doubtless has a long career before him, will become as

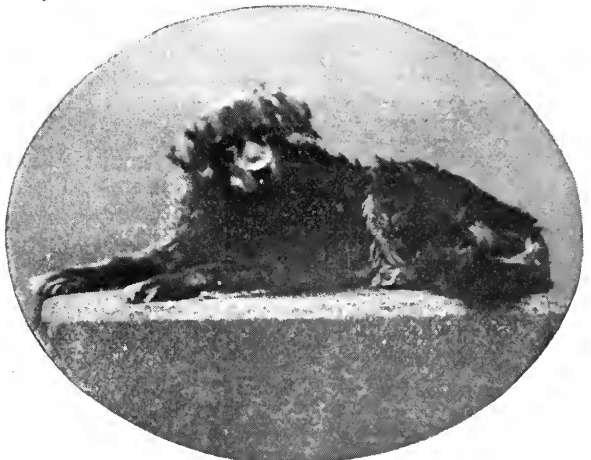


THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SERBIA'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

faithful a companion to the little future monarch as he was to the latter's Royal mamma.

Another dachshund, and a relative of "Cavill," has for mistress the Crown Princess of Serbia, who was an English Princess until quite recently. This favoured animal enjoys the honour of being personally introduced to more reigning potentates and scions of Royal and Imperial houses than perhaps any other dog in Europe. He has been patted on the head by every member of the group at the recent Hessian festivities, and although he evinced a decided disinclination to be photographed, thinking less, perchance, of the opinions of mankind upon his æsthetic proportions than might be expected, he was at last induced by his mistress to remain quiet while the lens was being adjusted.

"Cæsar," the favourite retriever of H.R.H.



THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG'S "CÆSAR."
From a Photograph.

the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, is her Grace's inseparable companion. The Duchess has always been passionately attached to dogs, as was her Imperial father, the late lamented Czar, at one time owning six, but showing an especial preference for a certain Skye terrier—which, alas, died long before dog-photography came into fashion. "Cæsar" is a fine animal, unequalled in intelligence and vivacity, and has often been photographed by the ladies-in-waiting at Clarence House or their daughters, to one of whom is due the accompanying likeness.

Prince Alexander of Teck owns a fine wire-haired terrier named "Boxer," which experiences no novelty in having his portrait taken.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK'S "BOXER."
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart.

In the present instance "Boxer" has been photographed by the side of his master, to whom he is gratefully attached and accompanies everywhere he can, without violating Court ceremony. All of the family are fond of "Boxer," particularly His Highness the Duke of Teck.

The collie of the Princess Louise and

the sleuth-hound of the Duchess of Newcastle make excellent sitters, and always endeavour to aid the artist by maintaining as sagacious an expression as well as the most graceful attitude during the operation.



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S SLEUTH-HOUND.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Some years ago, when the famous diva, Adelina Patti, was travelling in Mexico, she was made the recipient of a gift from the President of the Republic, which she still counts not only among her most valued possessions, but among her closest personal friends as well. And "Araboe" is something more than a friend—she is an admirer of her mistress's genius and a lover of music. Perhaps by this time she has forgotten the mystic dances and measures of her native land, or the boleros and cachucas which the Spanish brought over to the Mexico of the Incas, and has learnt to distinguish the simple fragrance which pervades such English melodies as the diva warbles in her Welsh castle as no living singer can warble; or, perhaps, "Araboe" still continues to have a warm spot in her heart for the cadences of her childhood. At all events, it is certain that this yellow-coated, bright-eyed animal never sings, whatever she



PRINCESS LOUISE'S COLLIE.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

might do if she chose, or if her vocal chords were capable of greater relaxation. It was only the other day that an eccentric French surgeon succeeded in enabling a cat to bark like a terrier, and promises to do the same for pigs and other fauna. If this sort of progress continues, and is sufficiently advanced in our subject's life-time, there seems some ground for hope that "Araboe's" vast musical ad-



MADAME FATTI'S "ARABOE."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

vantages will not be wholly thrown away. She has a sister, now in possession of Madame Nordica, another world-celebrated cantatrice.

Among the Eastern potentates—or, rather, should we not speak of them as our Imperial fellow-countrymen?—Prince Dhuleep Singh holds a high place. The same is likewise true of "Froggy," his Highness's poodle, without whom his master rarely moved abroad, unless, indeed, it was to attend some levée or reception, when "Froggy" was really disconsolate. "Froggy" had, not long since, to spend some weeks in hospital, where at the expiration of his illness he was photographed in several different attitudes, copies of which were distributed by his Royal master.

As is well known, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is extremely fond of animals, but to none does she evince a more decided par-



PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH'S "FROGGY."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

tiality than to "Pet," the terrier whose likeness is presented in the appended picture.

"Pet" is a familiar figure to the inhabitants of Highgate, as, seated in the carriage by her ladyship's side, they both take the air of an afternoon.

It is a great pity that none of the great



BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S "PET."
From a Photograph.

dramas which have been staged at the popular Lyceum Theatre have called for the introduction and public appearance of a fox-terrier. Should such a contingency ever arrive, our readers would then have a more favourable opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the merits of "Fussy," who is already almost as celebrated in stage circles as his celebrated owner, and who attends all the rehearsals in Wellington Street with a punctuality and assiduity which could easily serve as a model to the dramatic profession at large. "Fussy," it need scarcely be remarked, is profoundly attached to his master, but can, on the authority of the latter, scarcely conceal his sorrow that his master should have bequeathed his entire services to mimetic art, when the pursuit of the minor rodents offers so many attractions and so many opportunities for enviable distinction. Upon all other points "Fussy" and his friend and associate, rather than master, Mr. Henry Irving, agree; and the painful theme is rarely discussed between

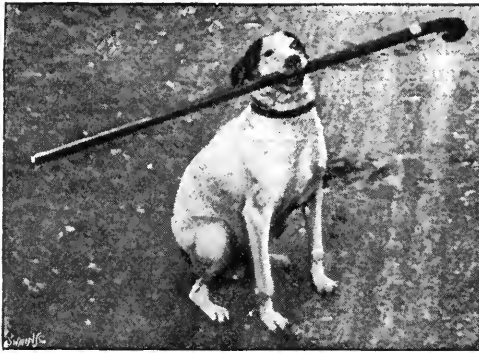
all the way to London, which he fortunately reached the next day, hungry, dirty, and footsore.

"Colley Cibber," the accomplished collie of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, the dramatist,



MR. PINERO'S "COLLEY CIBBER."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

is an animal remarkable for gentleness and beauty. Mr. Pinero relates many anecdotes of its sagacity—especially when it accompanies him on his journeys throughout England, and even on the Continent. "Colley Cibber" has not yet had a part written for him in any of his master's plays, but when the part comes to be written it is sure to be a sympathetic one. It is only a couple of seasons ago that Mr. Jones introduced "Bully Boy" into his successful Haymarket drama, "The Dancing Girl," as he had



MR. IRVING'S "FUSSY."
From a Photo. by Miss Ellen Terry.

them. But "Fussy" evidently feels that the line must be drawn somewhere. In spite of his evident contempt for so paltry a thing as the drama, he yet tolerates it, and to some extent has been known to indulgently participate in it. But "Fussy" has no thirst for fame which extends beyond the borders of his native land, and when his master informed him of his projected American visit a couple of years ago, he argued strongly against the step. Being overwhelmed, he determined to perish rather than accompany the expedition; and so made his escape just as the steamer was on the point of departure at Southampton Pier, travelling back on foot



MR. PENLEY'S "CHOW-CHOW."
From a Photo. by Emberson, Strand.

previously made "Spider" one of the *dramatis personæ* in "The Silver King." "Colley Cibber" might have had a splendid chance in "The Amazons."

Another dog owned by a celebrated actor is "Chow-Chow," of "Charley's Aunt" fame. As will be seen from his portrait, Mr. Penley's pet is of a breed quite out of the common, being imported from China, some years ago, by a friend of the comedian. His shaggy coat is of a peculiar reddish-black colour, and he is said to be the only dog living who has succeeded in cultivating a laugh. To see "Chow-Chow" laugh at one of his master's jests, and to see the latter's affected look of reproach, is an experience of itself.

"Ben," a collie, and "Jack," a terrier,



LORD DUCIE'S "LEOPOLD" AND
"VARENNES."

From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.



"BEN."

From a Photograph.

"JACK."

enjoy a distinction not accorded to most dogs. They earn a place in this article of photographed dogs by reason of their having been photographed oftener than any other dogs, as well as because they belong to perhaps the most celebrated dog-photographer in the world. Both are themselves amateur photographers, as well as ideal sitters, and "Jack" is quite capable of holding the bulb in his mouth and pressing it at the critical moment, as his bosom friend "Ben" can testify. Many photographic groups and art-studies of dogs familiar to readers of this Magazine owe their picturesque origin to one or the other of these intelligent animals, many

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artists in oil and black-and-white preferring to work from studies rather than from the life.

Two very valuable pets, "Leopold" and "Varennès," belong to Lord Ducie, who is so proud of them that he has had their portraits painted quaintly in oils and hung in the family collection.

Lord Braybrooke's setter, "Jamie," is an excellent sitter to amateur photographers, and so is the retriever which is the companion of Sir John Gladstone, and which came very



LORD BRAYBROOKE'S "JAMIE."

From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.



SIR JOHN GLADSTONE'S RETRIEVER.
From a Photo. by Laurence Love.

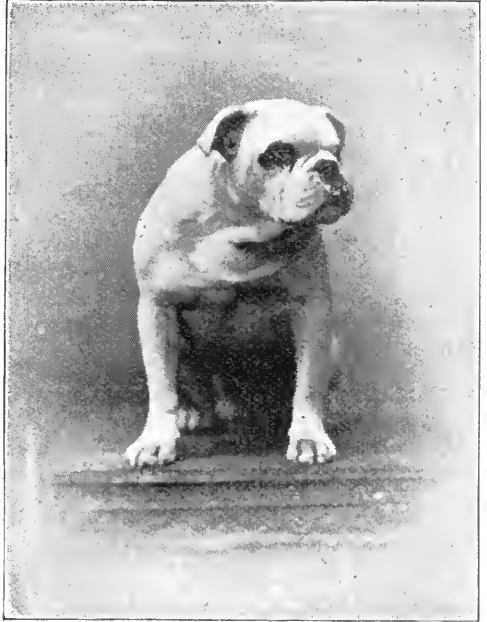
near being accorded a place in the picture of the baronet which hangs this year on the walls of Burlington House.

Then there is the Dandie Dinmont which is the favourite of the Countess Cowper, as well as the bulldog which is owned by Lord Colchester.



COUNTESS COWPER'S DANDIE DINMONT.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

But before we proceed further it would be idle to neglect the dog whose legal wisdom is supposed to surpass that of many a junior barrister—"Jack," the inseparable associate, both at home and on the Bench, of Mr. Justice Hawkins. The anecdotes—many of them no



LORD COLCHESTER'S BULLDOG.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

doubt apocryphal—which are related in legal chambers and Temple common-rooms of "Jack," whose portrait conjointly with that of his learned master is here given—would fill a whole issue of this Magazine. "Jack" ac-



MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS'S "JACK."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

companies his master everywhere—except to church. Evidently his taste does not extend in that direction.

Mr. Justice Hawkins in a letter to the writer says: "I can say that a more intelligent, faithful, and affectionate creature never had existence, and to him I have been indebted for very many of the happiest hours of my life."

A fox-terrier almost equal in vivacity and good fellowship has for mistress Miss Minnie Terry, whose likeness, together with that of her dog, adjoins.



MISS MINNIE TERRY'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Patients visiting Sir William Broadbent will, doubtless, not be wholly unfamiliar with "Major," the spaniel who occasionally, be-



SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT'S "MINOR" AND "MAJOR."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

fore she became the mother recently of another little spaniel, "Minor," very much

like herself, condescended to hold confabulation with her master's distinguished clients.

The return of Mr. Willard from America, recently, gave "Quilt's" friends and admirers an opportunity to renew their acquaintance-ship with no ordinary collie. His trans-



MR. WILLARD'S "QUILT."
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

atlantic sojourn has not, seemingly, made much difference to "Quilt," who barks the same deep, full, English bark as heretofore, and has a proper contempt, fostered by age—for "Quilt" is, indeed, no puppy—for all small dogs.

A prettier animal than Lady Henry Somerset's favourite pet would be hard to find. One who knows "Veto" and his mistress well writes:—

"While some dogs are taught to spend



LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S "VETO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

money on tobacco and intoxicants, this dog, true to the example before it, is a thorough teetotaler, and exemplifies its teaching and training by taking a genuine interest in all temperance movements. It will beat accurate time with its white foot to all temperance tunes when they are being sung, showing partiality for certain stirring and popular hymns, as 'Sailing, sailing,' etc. It is of a



THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Love.

small Pomeranian breed, and you will see by its name it wishes to be identified with the great cause of temperance."



"THE GENERAL."
From a Photo. by Spink, Brighton.

Other dogs which we give are those of the Marquis of Ormond, a lively fox-terrier; and



SIR WILLIAM MCCORMICK'S "BRUNO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

the black Spitz, "General," owned by Mr. Justice Vaughan's daughter, and which is a great favourite of the Prince of Wales, whom "General" counts among his warm personal friends.

"Bruno," the collie of Sir William McCormick, the well-known physician of Harley Street, is also included in this collection of



MR. STUART WORTLEV'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Love.

dogs, together with the intelligent dachshund owned by Mr. Stuart Wortlev. M.P.

Treasure Beach.

BY R. ROBERTSON, F.S.A. SCOT.

I.—A STRANGE VOCATION.



FEW winters ago we spent several weeks in a very pleasant yachting cruise among the West Indian Islands. When coasting along the southern shore of San Domingo, a continuance of bad weather caused us to seek shelter in a little land-locked bay. The attempt was somewhat difficult, the entrance being rather narrow, and flanked on either side by high cliffs. Once in, however, the anchorage was perfect; sheltered from every wind and with depth of water sufficient for ships of any size. This bay is semi-circular in shape, and a tiny stream, which has its source in the swamps a few miles inland, falls into the western corner.

Along the banks of this stream are scattered from two to three dozen squalid negro cabins, each with its own slovenly cultivated patch of garden ground adjoining. A few roughly constructed flat-bottomed boats are drawn up on the beach. These the owners use for fishing in the bay, which swarms with various sorts of edible fish. The latter are split up and dried in the sun, and constitute, along with the few fruits and vegetables raised, the sole means of subsistence of this little settlement.

The surrounding country is of the wildest description. Forest and jungle intermixed with noisome swamps extend for many miles around. There are no other settlements at all near, and at first it seems strange that this out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible spot should have been chosen for a place of permanent residence.

The explanation, however, is by no means an exceptional one. The reason or object which has led to this self-imposed banishment is the same which impels men of all nations to endure isolation and hardship—the desire for wealth; easily and rapidly acquired riches. The conception of what constitutes a fortune varies, of course, according to the wants and tastes of different people, and to many the total amount of wealth ever acquired, or likely to be acquired at this remote spot, would appear comparatively insignificant. But to the ideas of this little band of negroes and half-breeds,

with their few and simple wants, the lucky “finds” here met with are more than sufficient. Every one of them lives in hope of some day becoming the happy owner of a sum large enough to enable him to return to his native town or village, and pass the remainder of his days in what to his mind constitutes the height of bliss—utter idleness!

The beach is composed of sand mixed with small pebbles and shells of various kinds. A considerable stretch is laid bare at low water, except at the eastern side, where the cliffs rise abruptly and almost perpendicularly from the sea. At exceptionally low tides, however, a narrow strip of sand along the base of the cliffs is left bare for a few hours at a time. Usually the settlers pass their time idly lounging about the doors of their huts, sometimes doing a little gardening, or fishing in the bay. When these low tides occur all is changed. Every man, woman, and child able to render the slightest assistance at the work then hastens to this small stretch of sand, and the great business of their lives is hurriedly proceeded with. Some handle spades and shovels of iron or wood, others manipulate rudely made riddles; all are engaged in the work of sifting the sand and shingle into sacks and baskets. The sand is thrown away, and all that will not pass through the meshes of the riddles is carried away to be carefully examined at the possessor's leisure. It is amongst this mixture of shells and shingle the “treasure-hunters” look for the realization of their dreams of wealth.

This curious occupation has been engaged in for many years. When and by whom the work was first begun, no one can tell. But so it is, and year after year the labour goes on, though the “bonanza finds” are every year becoming fewer in number and smaller in value.

This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the treasure is by no means inexhaustible, and owes its existence to the hand of man and not of Nature. The gold and silver are mostly ready coined, and the precious stones set in ornaments of various descriptions. Doubloons, moidores, pieces-of-eight, and dollars are the coins usually met with, but, if tales are true, the early explorers of the hoard were rewarded by obtaining valuable



TREASURE BEACH.

pieces of plate, bars of silver, and even ingots of gold.

The local designation of the settlement may be given in English as "Treasure Beach," and by what strange and fateful means this miscellaneous collection of valuables came to be deposited at this lonely spot we will now proceed to relate.

II.—CAPTAIN FLOOD AND HIS PARTNER.

MOST people, we presume, have heard of that remarkable association, the Buccaneers, for many years the implacable enemy of Spain, and which came nigh to inflicting total ruin on the Spanish colonies in the New World. This maritime commonwealth, instituted originally for purposes of mutual defence against the encroachments of the Spanish authorities on their trade and liberty, ultimately grew to such immense dimensions as to become a power of considerable importance. Several of the European nations who resisted the claims of the Court of Madrid to entire supremacy in the New World were glad to ally themselves with this confederacy of freebooters. The most daring and lawless spirits of Europe flocked to join its ranks; one great inducement being the free and exciting life of the buccaneer, with its opportunities of amassing riches and renown at one and the same time.

Through course of time, however, the society degenerated from its first object of existence. The Spanish cities and galleons grew more wary and difficult to plunder, and

the buccaneers did not scruple to turn their attention to the ships of other and hitherto friendly nations.

After the treaty of Utrecht, early in the eighteenth century, the confederacy was declared illegal and the vocation of the buccaneer was at an end. It was not to be expected such a congregation of desperadoes would at once quietly disperse and betake themselves to paths of peace and usefulness. Many of them declared their independence of, and contempt for, European treaties, and continued to scour the waters of the Spanish Main, plundering indiscriminately all they could attack with reasonable hopes of success.

In fact, they became common pirates, and for many years the ocean was infested by a murderous set of scoundrels, to whom robbery was a pleasure and bloodshed a pastime. Though still retaining in some cases the undaunted bravery of the original buccaneers, they had nothing of their wild chivalry left to atone for the violent and needless excesses with which their names are invariably associated and their characters indelibly stained.

Amongst the numerous pirate chiefs whose names have been handed down to us, one of the most notorious was a certain Englishman of the name of Flood. Along with a few other lawless spirits, Flood seized a small schooner lying in the harbour of Kingston, in Jamaica, and put out to sea. After cruising about for some months, during which time his company was recruited by the addition of numerous characters as reckless as himself,

Flood found himself at the head of a sufficient force to attempt more important enterprises. Hitherto he had been content with plundering the smaller vessels he met with, but the number of his crew now warranted him in attacking the larger and more valuable ships. For this purpose, however, he required another fast-sailing craft, his small schooner—the *Mosquito*—being inconveniently overcrowded and almost destitute of heavy guns. He was not long in coming across the article he was in quest of.

The governor of one of the French West Indian Islands had lately arrived in a smart new brigantine; a clever sea-boat, thoroughly equipped with all necessary stores, and carrying several long-range carronades. She was, in truth, specially intended for the purpose of looking after such gentry as Captain Flood, who were getting rather numerous and audacious in their villainous work among the islands. Hearing this vessel was in port, Flood conceived the bold project of cutting her out from under the guns of the fort. His men being quite agreeable to risk their lives in the enterprise, no time was lost in attempting its execution.

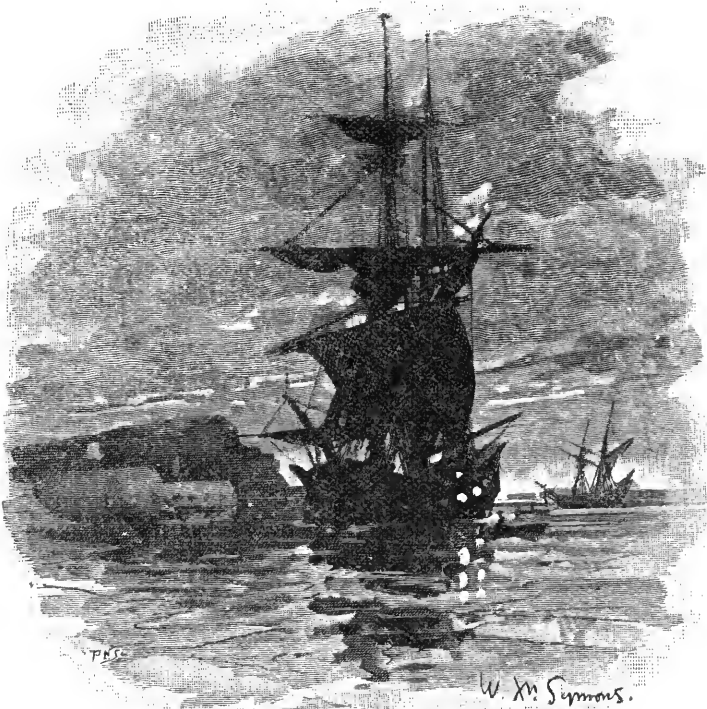
Being in harbour and protected by the fort, Flood conjectured few men would

remain on board and an indifferent watch would be kept in the brigantine. Accordingly, one evening the *Mosquito* was cautiously steered inshore, and just out of sight in the deepening twilight. When the schooner arrived off the entrance to the harbour, it was quite dark, and about midnight two boats were launched over the ship's side.

Some thirty of the most daring of the pirates got aboard, and with muffled oars rowed off in the darkness on their desperate mission. The expedition was under the command of the lieutenant, a Jersey man of the name of Cæsar, Flood himself remaining on board the schooner to await results.

In a short time the boats reached the brigantine, found, as they anticipated, a careless look-out kept, and before the drowsy sentry had time to fire his musket or give an alarm, the pirates had swarmed on board and disarmed and gagged him. The hatches were at once fastened down over the sleeping men below and the brigantine captured.

The cable was slipped, the foresail silently hoisted, and by aid of a strong ebb-tide and a favourable breeze, the prize was speedily outside the port and not a soul on shore a bit the wiser.



THE BRIGANTINE.

It turned out a much simpler affair than the pirates had any hope to expect, and they had abundant reason to congratulate themselves on their bloodless victory. Flood now found himself in possession of a vessel in every respect suited to the requirements of his nefarious profession. Several of the captured Frenchmen were not averse to joining the ranks of the pirates, and the others were bundled into the smallest boat and permitted to make their way back to port as best they could.

The brigantine was re-named the *Shark* and Flood assumed command, Cæsar being put in charge of the *Mosquito*; the men being apportioned between the two ships.

The details of the adventures of Flood and his partner for the next two years we will pass over. During that period the two vessels remained in close company, carrying on with impunity their career of robbery and bloodshed. Many a richly-laden merchantman had fallen a prey to their combined attack, and both were well filled with valuable, if unlawful, spoil. The cruisers of several nations were on the outlook for them, but, thanks to their fast-sailing qualities, the piratical craft had always managed to elude their pursuers.

When not at sea, the little bay we have described on the southern coast of San Domingo was a favourite rendezvous of Flood and his comrades. Here they were in the habit of frequently repairing for rest and the refitting of their vessels. One important change, however, had taken place in the relations of Captain Flood and his lieutenant. The latter, in the desperate enterprises they engaged in, had shown an amount of reckless daring and audacity which had made him intensely popular with the crews of both ships. Indeed, he had become a much more popular leader than Flood himself.

Rightly or wrongly, the men had acquired the notion that the latter had a wholesome regard for his own skin, and although they could not accuse him of open cowardice, still he did not display the dash they looked for in their chief in action. Cæsar's boldness was in direct contrast to Flood's pusillanimity, and the former's position grew stronger every day. Flood was not slow to perceive this, and much as he resented his rival's growing popularity, he had the acuteness to come to an understanding and amicable arrangement with him. He accordingly proposed that Cæsar should be placed on an equal footing with himself. To this the men assented, and the

lieutenant was promoted to the rank of captain. Flood retained command of the brigantine, but Cæsar had an equal say in all deliberations, and was awarded the full share of a captain in the division of booty.

III.—THE FATE OF THE "SHARK."

UP to this time the operations of Flood and his partner had been confined to the West Indies, but now, emboldened by success and perhaps through a more vigilant search being made for them, they determined to extend the sphere of their depredations. It was agreed they should leave their customary cruising ground for a time and run across the Atlantic to the neighbourhood of the Canaries.

Here they expected to be able to plunder some of the large ships trading with the East Indies. These ships were much larger and also better manned and armed than any they had hitherto ventured to attack. At the same time, if there was increased risk there was also the certainty of richer spoils. The first sail sighted proved to be a Dutch barque from the Cape, which, surrendering quietly, was allowed to proceed after being overhauled and all valuables carried off.

A few days afterwards another ship hove in sight. As soon as they came within range the pirates unfurled their black flags and opened fire. The stranger immediately displayed English colours and sailed steadily on. She was a large East Indiaman, fully manned, and carried several heavy guns. As quickly as her guns could be brought to bear she returned the pirates' fire, and was evidently prepared to make a fight of it. The pirate craft, sailing much faster and more easily handled, dodged round about, pouring in their shot and waiting a favourable opportunity of boarding. For this purpose the *Shark* forged ahead, and then, putting her helm down, attempted to lay herself alongside the merchantman.

The *Mosquito* meantime peppered away at her stern, ready to come alongside and join in the attack simultaneously with her consort. Their little plan, however, did not come off as anticipated. Perceiving the object of the *Shark's* manœuvring, the Indiaman suddenly altered her course a few points, and, bringing her starboard guns to bear, discharged a rattling broadside slap into the pirate. A well-directed shot hit the *Shark's* foremast and it went by the board. Deprived of her head-sails and hampered by the wreck of the foremast, she refused to answer her helm, and lay a helpless log. As she

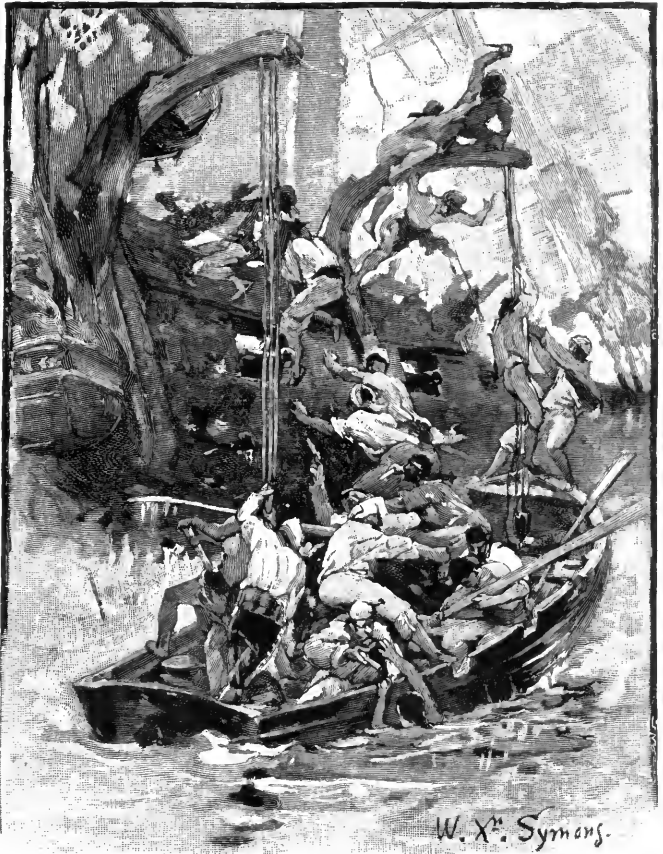
passed, the merchantman raked her fore and aft, sweeping her decks and doing further damage to the hull and rigging. Then with a hearty cheer she lumbered past on her course, leaving the discomfited pirates to vent their wrath and disappointment in impotent threats and curses. The *Mosquito*, too weak to carry on the fight alone, gave up the chase and remained with her disabled consort.

Matters were now in a somewhat serious position. On examination the *Shark* was found to have been badly hit under the water-line and leaking terribly. By constant pumping she might have been kept afloat, but that sort of work was not congenial to the pirates. Fighting they never complained of getting too much of, but hard work was a thing they had no stomach for. Besides, there was no friendly port at hand where they could re-fit, and to attempt to re-cross the Atlantic with foremast gone and a leaky ship was not to be thought of.

After a hasty consultation between the two captains, immediate steps were taken to transfer the more valuable portion of the *Shark's* lading on board the *Mosquito*. Everyone was now intent on saving his own belongings, and, consequently, the pumps were abandoned. By the time the most precious part of the cargo had been transhipped, the leak had made great progress, and it was evident the brigantine would not float much longer.

Captain Flood was now on board the *Mosquito*, and the boats were busy bringing the brigantine's crew on board also. No time could be lost, as she was rapidly settling down. The men were clustered round the bulwarks impatiently waiting their turn to be taken off. About half the crew had been transferred, and the rest were crowding into the two boats alongside, when suddenly, to their consternation, the *Mosquito's* boats were hoisted on board, her sails shaken out, and the vessel herself steered to windward!

A desperate yell of execration arose from the pirates' throats. Could it be possible they were abandoned? Left to drown like rats in a trap? The shriek of empty menace and wild despair was heard on board the fast receding schooner, but remained unheeded. It was now a case of *sauve qui peut*. A wild rush was made for the boats. It was impossible all could get in with safety, and a desperate struggle began for places. Those first in tried to cut the boats adrift before they got overcrowded. The others strove to get in at all hazards. Pistols and knives were drawn and freely used in the *mêlée*, and



"A WILD RUSH WAS MADE FOR THE BOATS."

the inevitable result occurred. The boats were swamped, and the fighting pirates left to struggle in the waves.

Even then the conflict did not cease. Those who could swim were seized hold of by those who could not, and many who retained hold of their knives struck out wildly at their comrades. Some succeeded

in climbing on board the sinking ship, only to delay their fate a few minutes. Most drifted to leeward and quickly sank.

Steadily and surely the *Shark* settled down. Several of the pirates hastened to throw a few planks together to form a raft. Too late! With a sudden lurch the brigantine heeled over—the water rushed in amidships—her stem rose high in the air—one last despairing shriek rang over the surface of the sea, and stern first she plunged to her last resting-place beneath the waves.

A few weeks afterwards the *Mosquito* lay at her old anchorage in the little bay. Luckily for the pirates, their voyage across the Atlantic had been a rapid one. The unexpected addition to her complement of men taxed the commissariat of the schooner to the utmost. The *Mosquito's* stock of food and water had been already much reduced by their long cruise, and had they taken all Flood's crew on board there would have been danger of their starving.

Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and when the two captains recognised their difficulty they did not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of a considerable number of their men to save the remainder. The pirates on board the *Mosquito*—hardened villains though they were—at first seemed inclined to resent the abandonment of their comrades. But when their captains' reasons for so acting were explained to them, they acquiesced. Probably the fact of their falling heirs to their unlucky shipmates' valuables went a long way to ease their consciences and quieten their resentment of the treacherous deed.

IV.—MORE TREACHERY.

THE two captains being once more in the same vessel it was mutually agreed that, until another suitable ship was come across, they should resume their old relations. Cæsar accordingly resumed his position of lieutenant, with one reservation. This was, that he should continue to share equally with Flood in all plunder.

The amount of treasure accumulated by the pair was now considerable. Always dreading treachery, not only from their men, but also from each other, it was deemed desirable some more secure place than the ship should be found for their ill-gotten gains. A hiding-place on shore was, therefore, sought out, and a favourable opportunity awaited for the removal on shore of the most valuable and portable portion of their hoards.

One moonlight night, when the crew were all below, busily occupied in their customary work of gaming and drinking, the scheme was carried out. As usual when at anchor, no watch was kept, and Flood had taken the precaution of serving out an extra quantity of rum that night. About midnight all the crew were either dead drunk or so far gone as to be totally incapacitated from any active interference with the project.

Cæsar crept forward and viewed the scene below, through the open hatchway, with satisfaction. All of the men were fast asleep, except a half-dozen or so, who still sat round the table in a maudlin condition with half-closed eyes. There was no fear of any interruption from them, and he at once returned aft and joined Flood in the cabin.

"Well," queried the latter, "is all safe?"

"Perfectly," answered Cæsar; "the brutes are nearly all dead drunk, and not one of them could crawl on deck to save his life."

"Then, the sooner we get our little job done, the better," said Flood, rising. "You go on deck and get the skiff alongside; I'll see about getting the 'swag' up."

The powder magazine opened off the cabin, and Flood unlocked the door and went in with a lantern in his hand. Flasks and kegs of gunpowder were ranged around. Picking his way through these, he opened a trap-door in the floor at the far end and disclosed a low chamber underneath.

Cæsar meantime went on deck, and after drawing the small boat up close under the stern, he rejoined Flood below. A couple of strong wooden chests, clamped with iron at the corners, lay in the apartment beneath the magazine. One of these was quickly hauled up and carried on deck. With as little noise as possible it was then lowered on board the skiff, and the two men took their places beside it. The painter was then unloosed, and Cæsar taking the sculls pulled rapidly for the shore.

Here the box was put ashore and the boat hauled up a few yards on the sand.

The spot selected for the reception of the treasure was at the cliffs on the east side of the bay. Taking the chest between them, the two pirates made for this spot without delay. There was no path, and the ground was rough and in some places overgrown with scrub, but in a short time the summit of the rock was reached.

As we have already described, the cliff at this point rises abruptly from the sea. About thirty feet from the top a ledge of rock runs along the face, on which a few bushes find a

precarious root-hold and existence. When the pirates had recovered their wind they carried the chest to the edge of the precipice and then, fastening a rope to it, carefully lowered it till it rested on this ledge. The other end of the rope was then hitched to a tree which grew near, and both men slid down to where the box was.

The rope was then unfastened and the box dragged to a part of the ledge where the bushes grew thickly. Parting these aside, a small opening was discovered in the face of the rock. Into this the chest was thrust, and although the opening was only a few feet in depth, there was ample room.

A few pieces of rock were piled in front, and when the bushes sprang back into their natural position, the hiding-place was completely veiled. There was no way of reaching the ledge except by the means described, and nothing was there to show that human beings had ever been near the place.

Their work completed, the two men prepared to re-ascend. Flood was first, and had hold of the rope to draw himself up. Suddenly he turned to Cæsar, who stood close behind him, and exclaimed :—

“Halloa ! what’s up with the schooner ? Look at her—quick !”

Cæsar turned to look at the *Mosquito*, which was peacefully resting on the moon-lit waters of the bay. As he did so, Flood, quick as lightning, swung himself up the rope ; then, with one foot stayed against the cliff, he threw out the other, caught Cæsar fairly between the shoulders, and hurled him over the precipice.

It was the work of a moment ; but whether the result of a pre-conceived plan, or the impulse of a sudden avaricious and murderous thought, can never be known. Flood paused till he heard the splash of his victim in the water below, and then hurriedly ascended the cliff. On the top he lay down and looked over the edge for some time. The bottom of the precipice was in deep shadow, and, seeing or hearing nothing, he concluded his murderous work had been successful.

Hurrying down to the beach he launched the skiff, and at once rowed off to the schooner. Fastening the boat alongside, Flood cautiously slipped down the cabin stair, tossed off a bumper of brandy, and sat down to think.

After a little he got up and repaired to Cæsar’s sleeping berth, where he found a cap belonging to his late comrade and partner. With this in his hand he went on deck. Listening at the fore-hatch he found all quiet, and going to the side he pitched the cap overboard. He saw it slowly drift astern, and then, running forward, he shouted down the hatchway to the sleeping crew :—

“Man overboard ! Wake up there, you drunken swabs, and lend a hand here !”

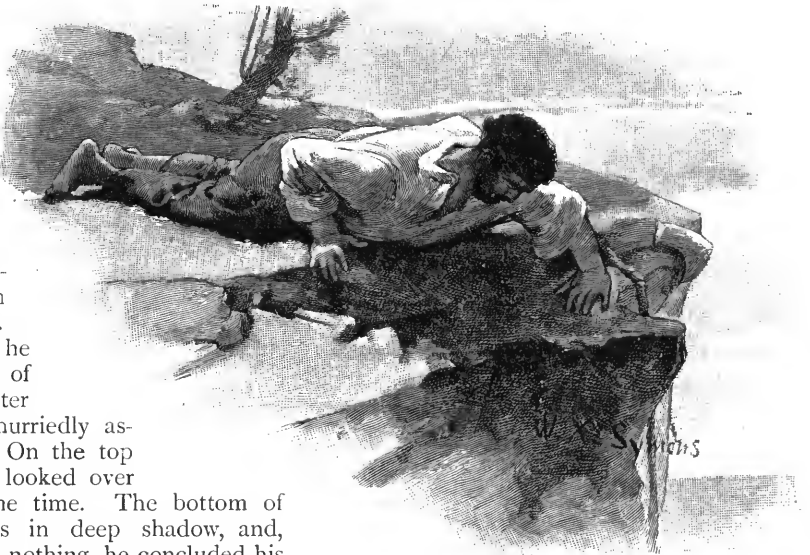
Three or four of the men had recovered sufficiently from the effects of their orgie to respond to his call, and staggered on deck in a half-dazed condition.

“Look sharp,” Flood cried ; “Cæsar’s got drunk and fallen overboard ! Haul up the boat and get in, some of you.”

Three sailors jumped into the skiff and pushed off, Flood standing on the taffrail to direct their movements.

“There he is,” he called to them, pointing astern ; “there he is, just sinking for the third time ! Pull, you brutes, or you’ll lose him !”

The men rowed as best they could in their still muddled state in the direction indicated, but, of course, saw no sign of their lieutenant. The cap was picked up and identified as Cæsar’s, and it was thereupon concluded



“HE LOOKED OVER THE EDGE.”



"'MAN OVERBOARD!'"

that that worthy had gone to the bottom. Thus did Flood satisfactorily account to the crew for his lieutenant's disappearance.

Next forenoon the *Mosquito* was gone, and the little bay once more deserted.

V.—FLOOD TRAPPED—"CÆSAR'S GHOST." Two months have sped past, and we again find the pirate schooner snugly moored in her favourite place of retreat. During this period she had been cruising about the islands with indifferent success. Some small coasting craft had been overhauled and a plentiful supply of rum and other liquors procured, but no large or valuable prize had been come across. Plunder having become scarce, the pirates gave vent to deep growls of discontent. They attributed the failure of the cruise to Flood's lack of enterprise, and the want of Cæsar's guiding hand and counsel.

The captain's position was getting most precarious and uncertain. He managed to keep the men quiet by liberal allowances of rum, but there was no knowing when they might break out in open mutiny. Discipline was a thing of the past, orders openly

disregarded, and even at sea a haphazard state of affairs had latterly prevailed. Pirates are not different from others; so long as they obeyed orders and had an efficient commander in whom they thoroughly believed, things rubbed along pretty smoothly. This check once removed, however, and license became rampant, making it only a question of time for the inevitable collapse and reckoning.

Flood determined this should be his last visit to the bay in the *Mosquito*. His energies were now centred on securing his ill-gotten wealth, and then leaving his ship and its crew to their fate. His own share of the plunder was safely ashore, but Cæsar's—the most valuable portion of which he had unceremoniously appropriated—was still aboard the schooner. It was now his care to have it also securely ensconced in the recess of the cliff. That once accomplished, it was his intention to again put to sea, and either run the *Mosquito* ashore near a settlement or seize some other favourable chance of quitting his nefarious occupation.

The third night after the *Mosquito's* return Flood proceeded to get the treasure ashore. Once more after darkness had set in he rowed ashore in the little skiff. This time he had to content himself with taking the most valuable coins and jewels, the box being too weighty for one person to carry any distance alone. A small bag was all he could take with safety, and with this he quickly scaled the height and lowered himself on to the shelf of rock. Here he found the chest and its contents untouched, and hastily adding his precious burthen to the heap, he again retired.

A few steps brought him to the spot at which he had left the rope dangling from the summit. He at once prepared to ascend, but, to his consternation, *the rope had disappeared!* Casting a hurried glance up the cliff, he saw a man leaning over the edge, pulling it up hand over hand. A loud imprecation escaped Flood's lips, a laugh of triumph and derision came in reply, the few remaining feet of rope were drawn up, and the man vanished.

Flood at once concluded he had been followed from the ship by one of his crew.

He was in a terrible fix. From his men he knew he would receive no mercy. Both his treasure and his life would be sacrificed to their feelings of greed and revenge. Again, the horrible thought struck him that it might be the intention of his follower to say nothing to the rest of the crew, but simply leave him to die a lingering death on the ledge. Either alternative was dreadful to contemplate, and throwing himself down on the widest part of the shelf of rock, he cursed his folly for not taking better precautions to prevent his movements being known.

Here we leave him, meantime, and return on board the *Mosquito*, where another strange scene was being enacted.

When Flood left the schooner he believed the men were all asleep or in such an intoxicated condition as to be incapable of leaving the fore-cabin. On this particular night, however, when midnight arrived, instead of being all drunk as usual, some twenty of the pirates found themselves still comparatively sober and the liquor all gone. This was a state of affairs they were not accustomed to, and calls at once arose for more drink. The captain, they believed, would have retired to rest by that time, but nevertheless they resolved to rouse him up. More liquor was wanted, and more they would have.

After some talk, three of the crew were selected to proceed to the cabin and procure more rum and brandy. The three chosen were Davis, the boatswain, a burly Welshman; Harley, the carpenter, a lanky Scotchman; and Schneider, a Dutch seaman. Crawling up the hatchway the three worthies staggered aft to the cabin-stairs. Here they were surprised to see a light still burning, but boldly descending the companion they pushed open the door and entered the cabin. A lighted lantern swung from the ceiling, but Flood was nowhere to be seen. They searched everywhere, but, of course, the captain could not be found. In their muddled state, it took them some time to realize the truth; but when they did so they at once raised the alarm. All the other pirates who retained their senses and the use of their legs immediately flocked to the after-cabin.

At first it was conjectured Flood must have fallen overboard and met the same fate as Cæsar. Soon, however, the boat was missed, and a cry arose that they had been abandoned. Everyone now rushed into Flood's cabin. Chests and lockers were broken open and ransacked. A plentiful

supply of strong drink was obtained, and the pirates, to the number of some twenty or thirty, made free with all they fancied. Some gathered round the table beneath the lantern, some sprawled on the lockers, others on the floor.

Schneider, the Dutchman, being the soberest man in the company, acted as "master of the ceremonies." He sat at the end of the table facing the cabin-door. Before him was a water-bucket, into which a dozen or two bottles of rum and brandy had been indiscriminately emptied. This mixture he measured out freely in glasses, bowls, and pannikins to all who applied for it. Needless to say, he was kept well employed, and more than once more bottles were added to the contents.

One by one the pirates dropped on the floor dead drunk. Some, half drunk, fought and cursed. Knives were drawn and pistols fired amidst blasphemous shouts and yells of fiendish laughter. Soon only about half-a-dozen of the wretches retained sufficient sense to be able to sit round the table. Schneider roared and yelled like a very demon, and was ably seconded in his efforts by Harley, Davis, and one or two others. Some, in a maudlin condition, shouted snatches of buccaneering ditties of the grossest description.

"Fill up again, boys," cried Schneider, struggling to his feet, "fill up to de brim. I vill give you a toast, and I vill shoot de man who does not drink it!" So saying, he pulled out a pistol and laid it on the table in front of him.

The pirates round the table at once eagerly passed in their glasses, all except one. This exception was Pedro, the black cook, who lay with his head on the table fast asleep.

"Come, wake up, Pedro!" roared the Dutchman. "Wake up! No skulking here, I tell you!" and he seized the negro by his shock of woolly hair and raised his head. The black's eyes turned up with a ghastly glare, but on Schneider relaxing his grip his head at once sank down again.

"Vat!" screamed the Dutchman, "you vill not take your liquor, you black tevil? By gar, but I vill make you take it! If you vill not take it *inside*, den you shall have it *out*!"

With these words the drunken villain plunged his pannikin into the bucket of liquor, filled it to the brim, and emptied the contents over the negro's head. The liquor saturated his curly hair, and ran in streams down his neck and face. The Dutchman's

joke was received with shrieks of laughter and wild applause. Pedro, however, was too far gone, and lay perfectly still in his drunken stupor.

"Now," said Schneider, refilling his mug, "we will have our toast, boys. Here's to the *Mosquito* and her new captain, whoever he may be, and speedy death to Flood, the traitor! Up, boys, up! and all together. Hip, hip, hur——" the cheer died away on his lips, his face blanched, and with staring eyes riveted on the doorway, he stammered out in a hoarse whisper:—

"See! See! my Gott, *Cæsar's* ghost!"

The pirates instinctively turned, and there, sure enough, haggard and wan, but gazing sternly upon the horrible scene, was the figure of their late lieutenant.

Davis, the Welsh boatswain, sat next to Schneider, and was the first to regain his composure.

"Ghost or demon!" he cried, "I'll try him with a bullet!" and seizing hold of the Dutchman's pistol, which still lay on the table, he levelled it at the figure in the doorway. As he did so the figure held up his hand as if about to speak, and at the same time Schneider threw up the boatswain's arm. Crack went the pistol, but the aim was spoiled. The bullet crashed through the lantern which hung above the table. The cord was cut and down it rattled. When it struck the boards it burst open, and out flew the blazing wick. In an instant a lurid light illuminated the cabin; a yell, as if from the throats of a hundred demons, rang through the room, and Pedro, the negro, sprang to his feet, his brandy-saturated head in one terrific blaze!

Now took place a scene which baffles description. From end to end of the cabin the black careered, overturning tables, seats,



"NO SKULKING HERE!"

and the drunken pirates in his desperation. At last he stumbled over a fallen bench, plunged head-foremost against the magazine door, and the next moment rolled with his blazing head right in amongst the flasks and kegs of powder!

Cæsar (for it was the lieutenant still in the flesh) sprang up the cabin stairs and rushed to the side. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed overboard, and as he did so a terrific report rang in his ears; the deck of the schooner burst asunder; an immense volume of flame shot up to the sky, and the sea around was in an instant churned into foam by a shower of burning timber,

shattered masts, and broken planks, mingled with which were the charred and battered fragments of the *Mosquito's* lawless crew. Cæsar caught hold of a plank and gazed around him, the only living soul on the face of the sea. At length he reached the shore and crawled up the beach as the first streaks of dawn gilded the eastern sky.

VI.—THE SECRET OF "TREASURE BEACH."

WE will now return to Captain Flood. The pirate impatiently awaited the break of day in the vain hope that he might then find some way out of his awful dilemma. As he sat on the rocky ledge he was witness to the blowing up of the *Mosquito*, but, of course, entirely at a loss to account for the catastrophe. What his fate was to be he could not tell. The destruction of the schooner made things worse. For even though he managed to find a way either up or down the cliff in safety, his retreat from the bay was cut off. Shortly after sunrise he was aroused by a hoarse chuckle from above. Springing to his feet he eagerly gazed upwards, and saw a man's



"CÆSAR'S GHOST!"

head and shoulders leaning over the precipice.

"Who's there?" he demanded, as the face being partly shaded he did not at first recognise it.

"Ho, ho!" came from above, "do you not know me, *partner*?"

As the man spoke he turned, and Flood, to his consternation, recognised his intended victim—Cæsar!

"Cæsar!" he exclaimed; "is it you? Alive!"

"Aye, still alive, murderer," answered the lieutenant, grimly; "still alive, Flood, and ready for vengeance. You thought you had sent me to Davy Jones, but your murderous work failed, and here I am to square our reckoning."

Flood considered a moment.

"Cæsar," he said, "I look for no mercy from you, and I ask none. But as you're a brave man give me a chance. Let me up and we'll fight it out fair and square."

A peal of derisive laughter was the reply.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Fair and square,' that sounds well from you, Flood. But never

fear; it'll be all 'fair and square' immediately!"

Flood tried argument and entreaty in vain. Cæsar merely laughed at him.

"Well, then," asked Flood, in desperation, "what do you mean to do with me? Will you leave me to starve here?"

"Perhaps I may," replied the lieutenant, "but when you're tired of your quarters, you know what to do. If you can't get *up*, the road *down* is easy. It's only one step to the bottom! But meantime I've a little job for you. Haul out the box."

This Flood with some difficulty did, but could not with safety drag it along the ledge alone. Seeing this, Cæsar detached the rope from the tree and carried it along immediately above where the chest lay. There was no tree there to which to fasten it, so, to save any chance of it slipping over, he gave it a turn round his arm and threw the other end down to Flood. The latter then was told to fasten it to the chest, and Cæsar began to haul it up. It was slow work, for he was terribly weakened by his hardships. As he strained at the rope he drew farther

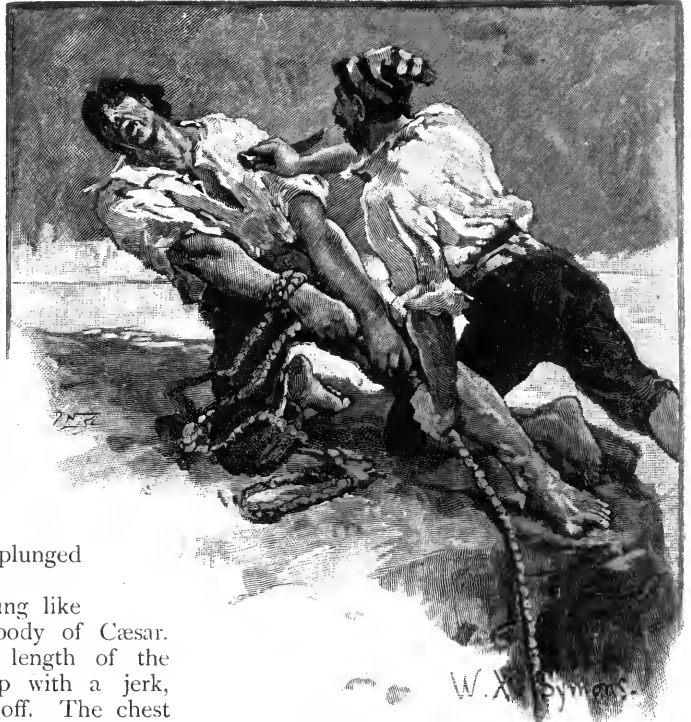
back from the edge, and when the box was on a level with Flood's head, he became lost to the view of the latter.

Flood at once saw his chance, and springing up, he caught the rope with both hands and swarmed up the face of the rock. The jerk and extra weight pulled Cæsar to his knees, and in his weak condition it was all he could do to save himself from being dragged over. He could not even let the rope go, as it was firmly twisted round his arm. When within reach of the summit, Flood, who was unaware of the rope's being merely thus fastened, drew a knife from his belt and, quickly striking upwards, plunged it into the lieutenant's throat. This one blow sealed both their fates. It was almost instantaneously fatal to Cæsar: his grasp relaxed, and the next moment he rolled over the edge. Down went the two pirates together. The chest of treasure rested on the shelf, but the two men merely grazed the edge and plunged into the abyss below.

In his despair, Flood clung like grim death to the dead body of Cæsar. When they had fallen the length of the rope they were brought up with a jerk, which nearly shook Flood off. The chest remained firm, however, and its weight kept them dangling in mid-air. Then commenced a terrible fight for life. Flood made a desperate effort to ascend the rope and regain the ledge. Hand over hand he struggled upwards, the body of his late comrade swinging by the one arm beneath. But the more Flood desperately mounted the rope the more he hastened his certain

fate. Every pull at the rope drew the box nearer and nearer to the verge. A few feet separated the pirate from the ledge, when, to his horror, the chest appeared. One desperate spring Flood made for life, and, as he wildly clutched at the beetling cliff, the chest toppled over!

Half-way down a point of rock protruded.



"ONE BLOW SEALED BOTH THEIR FATES."

Head-foremost on to this the pirate fell, scattering his brains around. Crash came the chest an instant after; the lid flew open and, as the dead pirates sank in the watery depths beneath, they were accompanied to their last resting-place by a shower of treasure!

Such is the origin of "Treasure Beach."

Pilots.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.

I.



From a]

TRINITY HOUSE.

[Photograph.



NCE, when on board a large steamship coming from the south, we were boarded in the reach below Gravesend by a pilot and the captain's wife. She was only newly married, this being the husband's first voyage since their union. Both, therefore, were anxious to meet the first possible moment, and so the captain had written to her from the last port at which he had touched, giving her the address of the pilot, and informing her that that worthy was instructed to bring her off with him to the ship. We were much amused with the lively little lady's account of her journey to Gravesend, of her meeting with the pilot, and of their coming on board the big P. and O. steamship. The most interesting part of the narrative, however, was her description of the surprise into which she was thrown by the sight of the pilot and his home.

Her cabman drove her up to a substantial-looking house, having a garden in front, and with every appearance of comfort and respectability. "I thought," she went on, "the cabman had taken me to the wrong house, and I told him so; but he said 'No, this is the house of Mr. So-and-so, the pilot.' I

had expected to be driven to a fisherman's cottage, in a low quarter, or in some narrow thoroughfare, and was immensely astonished to find myself where I did. My surprise was still more increased when a neat domestic opened the door, and I was ushered into a cosy sitting-room, with a piano, pictures, books, and other evidences of culture about. When the pilot himself, a gentlemanly-looking man, came in, I said I was afraid I had made some mistake, telling him who I was and what I wanted. He replied that I was quite right: he was the pilot, and that I must make myself at home, as we had plenty of time, the boat not being due yet." The good lady was presently introduced to the pilot's wife, tea was set before her in dainty china, and then, something like an hour having elapsed, the pilot said it was time to be going, and after a short run in a small steam launch, they were on board.

This is no fancy picture, but a reality; and the idea it conveys as to what a Thames pilot's social position is will come as a surprise to many, no less than to the worthy captain's wife. It must not be imagined, however, that all pilots are like this one. There are, as one may say, pilots of high and of low degree—pilots who take charge of the

humbler craft that ply along the coasts, and pilots of the more leviathan structures that do their business in the great waters, going to and from the ends of the earth, carrying hundreds of passengers and thousands of pounds' worth of freight and specie.

It may not be generally known that the pilot is in reality a State official, owing his position to Government appointment, superintended by Government authorities, and all his acts and doings watched with scrupulous and almost jealous care. His wages are regulated, too, to some extent by Government, and when he has earned them they cannot all be said to be his. In short, the pilot works under special and very rigid Acts of Parliament, and though his masters are not the same all over the country, he is controlled by the same rules.

As to those "masters," they are, in what we may call the London district, which is the most important one in the three kingdoms, the Elder Brethren [of the Trinity House. This is a society incorporated in 1514 by Henry VIII. for the promotion of commerce and navigation, by licensing and regulating pilots, and erecting and ordering lighthouses, beacons, buoys, etc.; and consists of a Master, Deputy Master, a certain number of acting Elder Brethren, and an unlimited number of Younger Brethren; the Master and honorary Elder Brethren being chosen on account of eminent social position, and the other members from officers of the Navy or the merchant service.

But while the Trinity House has a general supervision over the corporations which have charge of the lighthouses and buoys of Scotland and Ireland, it has the appointment of pilots on certain parts of the English coasts only, other parts and districts having their own local Trinity Houses or corporations for the control of pilotage. As, however, London is the chief maritime centre in the world, and the estuary of the Thames, and the waters leading thereto, are among the most difficult and dangerous known to seamen, this article will be in the main

devoted to those pilots who come directly under the province of the Trinity House of London.

As it is at the old house of the Brethren on Tower Hill that the pilots undergo their examinations and obtain their licenses, it is fitting that our description should begin with a brief survey of the service from the headquarters point of view. The chief official at the Trinity House (under the Elder Brethren), for the pilotage department, and whose name is as a household word to all the pilots in the service, is Mr. David Keigwin, who has been intimately connected with the department for the last fifty years. If there is anyone, therefore, who may be said to have at his fingers' ends all the ins and outs of matters relating

to pilotry — and it is a most intricate subject — that man is Mr. Keigwin. He is suffused, so to speak, with pilotry, and he has only to be plied with a few judicious questions in order to extract from him most, if not all, he knows on the subject — not excluding even the gist and tenor of numberless Acts of Parliament.

With these latter, however, we shall have little to do in this article, except in so far as it is necessary to quote them in order to make clear the duties of the pilot, although this in the main will be done from the mouths of the men themselves. But in the first

place it should be stated what constitutes a pilot, and how he is constituted such. These were the first two questions put to Mr. Keigwin, and as his reply to the second question answers both, it will suffice to give that.

In brief, then, a man must have served as mate for three years on board of, or have been one year in actual command of, a square-rigged vessel of not less than eighty tons register for the North Channel upwards, or not less than 150 tons register for the North Channel downwards, or for any of the South Channels; must have been employed in the pilotage or buoyage service of the Trinity House for seven years, and have served in addition two years in a square-



MR. DAVID KEIGWIN
(Principal Clerk of the Pilotage Department,
Trinity House.)

From a Photo. by Bowing & Small, Baker Street.

rigged vessel, or have served an apprenticeship of five years to some licensed pilot vessel, and also two years in a square-rigged vessel, before he can become a pilot for the London district.

What is known as the London pilotage district extends from Orfordness on the north to the Isle of Wight on the south. But there are also under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House a number of so-called outport districts, extending from Rye round the south coast as far as Milford, besides Carlisle, Barrow, Holyhead, and other places on the west coast. The qualifications necessary for these outport duties are much the same as for the London district, except that for the London district no man can be appointed who has passed the age of thirty-five, whereas in the outport districts pilots may be licensed after that age in certain circumstances.

Any man having these several qualifications, or intending so to qualify himself, may become a candidate for the pilot service. But this is not all that is required of him. These represent only the general qualifications; the special ones required of him are that he shall be thoroughly conversant with the channels for which he desires to act as pilot; which for the London district means that he must have a thorough knowledge of the various channels of the estuary of the Thames, and of the waters leading thereto; or, if he wishes to be a river pilot only, of the Thames from Gravesend to London Bridge.

But here it is necessary to discriminate between the different classes of pilots. For the London district, then, there are:—

(1.) River pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to London Bridge, or *vice-versâ*.

(2.) Outward pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to sea; and

(3.) Inward pilots, who are licensed to bring vessels from the sea to Gravesend.

But there are again differences and distinctions in these three classes. For instance, among the pilots who ply their trade between Gravesend and London, there are three separate categories: compulsory pilots, pilots for exempt ships, and home-trade steam passenger pilots—of which I shall have more to say anon. Then among the outward and inward pilots there are differences in degree and in extent of license. Thus, when a man first goes up for examination in order to be passed as a pilot, he has to choose either the North or the South Channel of the Thames. If he chooses the South Channel, and he

passes, he is licensed to take charge of any ship drawing not more than fourteen feet of water in that channel or in any of the channels leading thereto or therefrom; but at the expiration of three years he may go up for re-examination, after which he is able to take charge of vessels of any draught in those channels. After a man has served as pilot two years in the South Channel, he may go up and pass his examination for the North Channel, when he is licensed for vessels of fourteen feet draught and under for that channel. Thus it takes him five years to obtain full qualifications for an outward and inward pilot. Some, however, go a step farther than this, and pass an examination for the Isle of Wight, whereupon they are able to pilot a vessel as far as that island. There are some, however, who never pass for more than one channel—it may be either north or south.

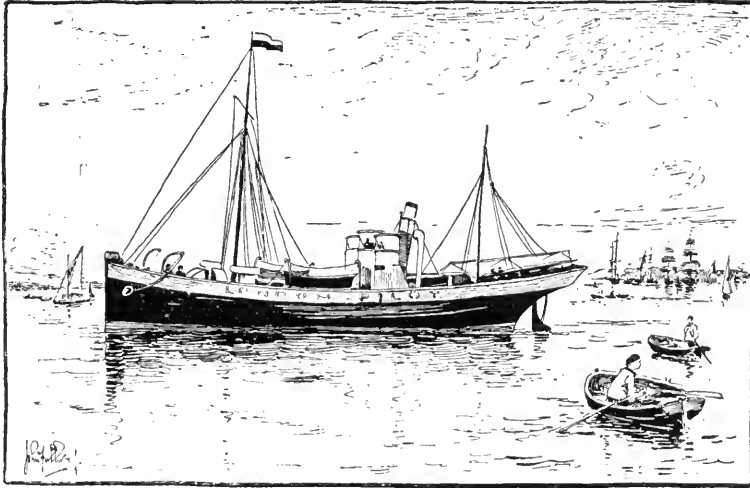
"Formerly," said Mr. Keigwin, "a man might act both as outward and as inward pilot, taking a vessel out and then waiting on the station for an inward-bound ship and pilot her to Gravesend, or *vice-versâ*; but that system was found to be so unfavourable, especially to the cruising pilots, that in 1886 it was done away with; and now a pilot taking a vessel out, either by the North or the South Channel, is not allowed to bring one back."

"How does he get back, then?"

"He returns by train."

It should be explained here, perhaps, how the system works. The outward sea pilots are stationed at Gravesend, which is probably the largest pilot station in the world, the staff of river and sea pilots permanently stationed there numbering upwards of 300. The river pilots bring the vessels down from London to Gravesend, where they hand them over to the sea pilots. These, if the vessel is bound north—that is, to the Baltic or North Sea ports—carry her by the North Channel as far as the Sunk Light, or Orfordness, on the Suffolk coast, and there leave her, being put on shore by one of the pilot cutters that are always cruising on that station, in order to intercept ships coming from the north.

If the vessel be southward bound, she is taken away from the Thames by the South Channel, the pilot quitting her at the Downs, at Dover, or at the Isle of Wight, whence he returns home by train. Formerly, there were four cutters constantly cruising between Dungeness and South Foreland, to meet the needs of the inward service, as at Orfordness; but two or three years ago



From a sketch by

STEAM CUTTER PILOT.

[John Fullwood.]

they were replaced by two steamers. When a vessel comes up wanting a pilot she is supplied with one from the steamer on duty, which is kept fed with pilots by one of the old cutters, each pilot going off in rotation. Like the outward pilot, the inward pilot returns home by train.

Asked why the system by which the outward pilot could also take a vessel inward was done away with, Mr. Keigwin said:—

"Well, as a matter of fact, because certain men took all the cream of the work. But I can best explain the thing by letting you into another peculiarity of the pilot system. There are among sea, as well as among river pilots, what are called 'choice' men, that is, men who are chosen by companies having a large number of vessels, such as the P. and O., the Orient, and other lines, to do all their pilot work. These men have the pick of the service; they have their own regular boats, and whatever other work they can get in between in addition. Thus, one might take one of his own boats down to the Isle of Wight, Plymouth, etc., and then ship on board a vessel coming up, and so deprive one of the 'turn' men, as they are called, of a turn. Hence, in fairness to the 'turn' men, the system was done away with."

"According to this, then, the pilots are not paid by salary, but for work done?"

"For work done, certainly."

"And how are they paid?"

"There is a regular fixed scale of charges, reckoned by draught of water and by distance, and any deviation from this scale is punishable by fine or suspension."

"And what will be the average income of a pilot?"

"That is hard to say—they vary so considerably. As I have already said, the 'choice' men take the pick of the work, and some of them enjoy a very handsome income. Look at this: it will show you what the men's incomes are better than I can tell you."

The document produced was the report of a com-

mittee of inquiry into the system above referred to, and now abolished. According to it, in the year 1886 two men employed by the P. and O. Company earned respectively £1,656 and £1,635. One of the two British India Company's pilots earned £1,579, and three others ('choice' men) earned respectively £1,332, £1,159, and £1,032, less expenses. Out of the whole number of London pilots, fifty-seven earned over £300, whilst of the Cinque Ports pilots (those plying off Dungeness) only one earned £400, the majority earning between £200 and £300. The following scale shows the earnings of the London pilots in a still better light:—

6 Men earned over	£1,000	
9 Men earned between	£700 and £1,000	
6 " " " "	£600 " £700	
11 " " " "	£500 " £600	
11 " " " "	£400 " £500	
14 " " " "	£300 " £400	
18 " " " "	£200 " £300	
13 " " " "	£100 " £200	
6 Men earned under	£100	

In the same year outward pilotage earnings, between Gravesend and the sea, in both North and South Channels, and inward pilotage through the South Channels, amounted to about £70,217, being an average of £337 per man. Of this sum rather more than one-eighth, or £8,393, was earned by six men alone out of two hundred and sixteen.

Asked if all vessels coming into the Thames were obliged to take pilots, Mr. Keigwin answered that they were not. "This," he continued, "is one of the difficulties of the pilotage system. Shipowners, not liking to pay the pilot charges, have

obtained exemptions from time to time by putting on board captains or mates who have passed the necessary examinations and obtained pilotage certificates. These exemptions, however, relate principally to the North Channel, and chiefly concern home-trade and coasting vessels and colliers. All vessels from ports south of Brest approaching by the South Channels are obliged to take pilots on board; and in any case, if even an exempt vessel employs a pilot, he must be a duly licensed man. There are heavy penalties for employing an unlicensed man. In spite of all the precautions and the great cost taken to prevent irregularity, however, a good deal of evasion of the law takes place in this respect. There are always a lot of men—men who, for the most part, have failed to pass as authorized pilots, and, in other respects, men without character—who are always about, ready to take ships in or out for a lower price than the licensed pilots, and who are, therefore, ever welcome to a certain class of masters of vessels. These men are well known, and, though they are constantly being prosecuted for illicit piloting, they still continue their practices.”

Some amusing stories are told of these men and their shifts. One instance is worth relating. The worthy in question has been times and again before the magistrates, but all to no purpose. Though he has repeatedly gone on to his knees to them and implored forgiveness, promising not to offend again, yet he has immediately returned to his old practices. Not so long ago he went to the pilots in charge of a cutter, and said if they would put him on board a vessel just steaming out, he would point out to them an unlicensed man who was on board. Pilots are always pleased to have a chance of convicting those who are poaching on their preserves, and so they accepted his offer. But as soon as they came alongside the steamer the tricky fellow skipped on board, at the same time giving the cutter a shove with his foot that sent it yards away, and before the crew could recover command the vessel was too far off for them to do anything. Having thus, by a ruse, got on board free when he had not the means to hire a boat, he carried the vessel out to the Sunk Light; and then by another trick, that is, by giving the name of a licensed pilot, he secured a free run to shore in one of the pilot cutters. Of course, the men owning the cutter could have sued him for their fee, but they knew it was no good, as he had nothing wherewith to pay.

“And as to the relations of the pilots

to the Trinity House. What is their position in regard to it, Mr. Keigwin?”

“It is their governing body. All irregularities have to be reported here, and for any violation of the rules of the service a man's license can be suspended. Then a pilot has to report, through the head of his district, all his earnings. This is in part to show that he is working according to scale, but also for the reason that he—that is, the compulsory sea and river pilot—has to pay a percentage of his earnings towards the fund for management and pensions.”

“What is the pension?”

“It is at the rate of a pound a year for every year that he has been in the pilot service. The ‘exempt’ pilots, that is, pilots for exempt ships, neither pay to nor receive any benefit from the fund.

“I have a letter here,” continued Mr. Keigwin, “that may be of interest to you. It is from Sir John Franklin—possibly the last he ever wrote—asking for pilots to take out the ships of his ill-fated expedition.”

The letter in question is so interesting, never having been published, that we reproduce it in *facsimile* on the next page.

Having giving all these particulars of the pilotage system in general, it is now time to go into the subject more in detail, and to present the *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, in *propria personâ*; in other words, to introduce a few of the pilots themselves. And to do this we cannot do better than take a run down to Gravesend, the headquarters of the London district. As already stated, there are some hundreds of pilots stationed here, where they have for headquarters the Royal Terrace Pier, which is their own property, purchased, repaired, refurbished, and, I may add, reopened (with civic honours, too) at their own expense within a few months past. Here, any day and at any time of the day or night, may be seen scores of pilots, full-blown and in the making, by anyone who wishes to examine samples of the craft. But if he wishes to “sample” them according to their rank and status, he must obtain permission to see them and speak with them in their several quarters or offices. For each kind of pilot has its separate “house,” just like the Lords and Commons, and the member of one body has no place or lot in the house of the other.

The “house” of the compulsory river pilot is at the end of the pier, and on the side looking towards the sea. Here the men next on the roster for duty are in attendance; and there are generally two or three scanning

the horizon for incoming ships. To one of these I said: "I suppose you know the ship you have to take up when you see her?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"And in the night?"

"We know her by her lights, and by her whistle."

"Oh, she whistles for you, does she?"

"Yes."

"And each one has a distinctive whistle?"

"Yes, mine gives a crow and two yaps."

The office of the sea pilots is on the opposite side of the pier to the compulsory river pilots, and, of course, looks up the river, whence, naturally, come the vessels that they have to take out to sea. Other offices are all located severally to the exempt river pilots (that is, pilots who take up vessels that are not compelled to employ pilots), and to home-trade steam passenger pilots. This is another class composed of men who are freemen of the Watermen's Company, and are licensed to pilot home-trade steam passenger ships up and down the Thames between London Bridge and Gravesend.

Here, too, the "Ruler" of the pilots has his headquarters. It is through him that all business has to be transacted with Trinity House, and through him come all communications therefrom to the men. The present Ruler, Captain Ronaldson, has held the office for nineteen years. He is one of the Younger Brethren of the Trinity House, and has of course spent years in the mercantile marine. What he does not know, therefore, in connection with the pilot service is not much worth knowing. After kindly piloting me about the pier and showing me the steam launches of the sea and river pilots, the Ruler patiently laid himself out to be

*A Mr. Ship Enthusiast
Greenhithe 15th May 1845*

Sir

*A Mr. Ship Enthusiast & Trimmer
being about to leave this River -
I request you will be pleased to convey
an experienced North River Pilot to
be sent to each vessel ^{at this place} with directions
to be ordered by Saturday afternoon*

*I have the honor to be
Sir*

*Yours most obedient
humble servant*

*John Franklin Captain and
Senior Officer present*

*The Secretary
of the Trinity House*

FACSIMILE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S LETTER.

questioned and otherwise "pumped" for information.

"You know," he said, "that between here and London Bridge we have three classes of pilots—the compulsory river pilot, the pilots for exempt ships not carrying passengers, and the pilots for home-trade passenger steamers. The compulsory men, sea and river, cannot enter after thirty-five, and they have to pay 5 per cent. of their earnings to the Trinity House—2½ towards management and 2½ for superannuation. This entitles them to a pension of £1 a year for each year's service; that is, after forty years'



ROYAL TERRACE PIER, GRAVESEND. HEADQUARTERS OF THE SEA AND RIVER PILOTS.

service, they will get £40 a year. The compulsory pilots have an office, a launch, etc., found for them; the exempt men have to find and pay for these things for themselves. Then, compulsory pilots are liable to be mulcted in damages to the extent of £100 if injury is occasioned by their carelessness."

"Are they ever called upon to pay it?"

"Yes, every now and again such a case occurs."

"How many pilots have you here?"

"About sixty compulsory river pilots, about one hundred 'exempt' pilots, twenty-five home-trade passenger pilots, and between eighty and one hundred sea-going pilots. The latter are divided into North and South Channel pilots, and some are licensed to the Isle of Wight. Thus there are the 'choice' and 'turn' men—both river and sea. The 'choice' men are always looking after 'choice' work. They are selected by the companies to attend to their ships; large companies always do in that way. Some of the 'choice' men would look down upon 'turn' work. Their names are on the roster, but they cannot take a turn: they are so far ahead on the list that if they were discharged by the companies, some of them would have to wait for years for a turn."

"That is because they get so many more vessels than the 'turn' men?"

"Yes."

"And what is your special duty, Captain Ronaldson?"

"My business is to settle any grievances that crop up. I have to see that everything is carried

out properly. Any complaint a pilot has to make is made to me. If they do not like what I decide, I have to send the complaint up to the Trinity House. All the big sea-ports have a ruler; the smaller ones have a special commissioner, who is generally connected with the Custom House."

"How many vessels requiring pilots pass here in a month?"

"Of vessels going to sea there must be on an average four or five hundred. Things, however, are so bad just now that a large number of steamers are laid up."

"When a pilot has taken a ship to Dungeness or to the Sunk Light, how does he get on shore?"

"My men have virtually to find their own landing. They are entitled to charge £1 for landing. They usually leave southward-going vessels at the Downs or Dover. There are generally boats looking out for them. Out of vessels going north, the pilots are, for the most part, taken by the cutters cruising off the Sunk Lightship, and run into Harwich. From Dover and Harwich they have, of course, to return by train."

"How many pilots will leave here in a day?"

"The number varies. If there is a glut of shipping going out, it takes pretty well all the men we have at command. I have known as many as ninety vessels wanting pilots to go up the river at once."

My next talk was with Mr. Thomas Rhodes, who resides in a pleasant outskirts of Gravesend, and presents nothing of the "rough, weather-beaten fisherman" type of pilot.



CAPTAIN RONALDSON.

From a Photo. by F. C. Gould & Son, Gravesend.

He was going on board an outward-bound P. and O. boat in the course of an hour, but willingly chatted for half that time in his pleasant parlour over things relating to pilots and their trade.

"You know," he said, "our life is arduous, responsible, and hazardous. People on shore, I am sorry to say, very seldom recognise this. Not seeing us piloting ships through the streets of London, they think all we have to do is to get our orders, and come on shore and cash them. It has been my lot, however, to pilot out large steamers, on board which were personages of rank and importance, even members of the Cabinet; and when they have seen us at work, while they have acknowledged that some of us are fairly well paid, they have said they would not undertake the life for twice as much. It is sometimes my duty to take to sea one or other of those beautiful ships that are like floating palaces; and never do I do so but I think of the awful responsibility resting upon me, seeing the number of precious lives we carry, to say nothing of the specie, sometimes amounting in value to half a million. Often this has to be done in hazy weather, when the slightest error in judgment or want of forethought would lead to great sacrifice of life and loss of property. I know of nothing that requires more coolness and nerve than to take one of these leviathans through the crowded English Channel, especially in dirty weather."

"Do all the large companies adopt this method of having special or 'choice' men to do their piloting?"

"I should say all. Certainly all the large ocean-going companies employ these expert men to conduct their ships in safety to the broader waters of the Channel leading to the ocean. Their feeling of the importance and the necessity of having expert pilots on board

is shown by the ships actually calling in some port in the Channel to take up their pilot."

"What is the worst condition of weather you have to do with?"

"Fog, undoubtedly. It is then that all the nerve you possess is required. You are compelled to run some risk, and no one but the pilot knows how much risk you do run."

"I was told the other day—not by a pilot, however—of a narrow risk run by one of those palace steamships to which you have referred, and should like to ask you if you have known anything like it."

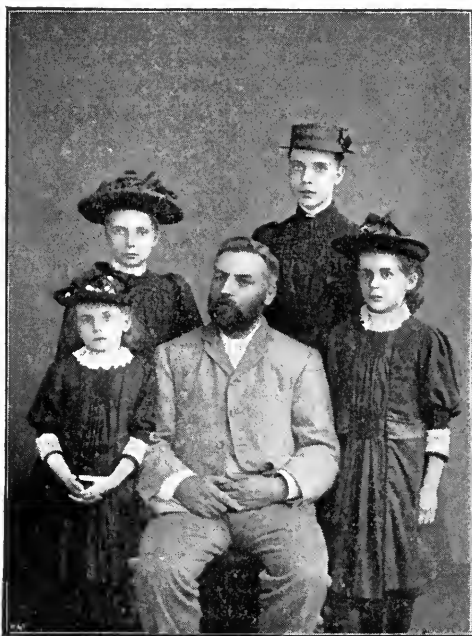
"What was it?"

"She was going down the Channel, and was somewhere off Southend, when for some reason she touched ground. It was night, and the tide was running out: there was no hope of getting her clear until the return of high water. She began to list a little; and the fear was lest, when the tide was right out, the water should not be sufficient to prevent the list from becoming greater. In short, the ship was in such a critical position that she was in the gravest danger of heeling quite over. Had this happened, the loss of life must have been terrific, as there were something like two hundred first-class passengers on board. The pilot

kept his head, however, and ordered the anchor to be lowered; and the captain, none the less cool and collected, went below and suggested music and a dance. In this he had two objects in view: first, to keep the passengers from inquiring into the reason of the ship's being at anchor, and so to obviate a panic; and secondly, to prevent as many as possible from going to bed, since, in case of disaster, the loss of life would be greater if the people were surprised whilst asleep."

"Both the captain and the pilot evidently knew what they were about; but they must have had an anxious night of it."

"Yes: the captain said he never spent



MR. THOMAS RHODES.

From a Photo. by J. Wille, Gravesend.

such a night in his life, although he had had some rough experiences during his twenty years at sea. He was up and down between the deck and the saloon all the time, watching the tide on one hand, and encouraging the dancers on the other. As soon as the tide was fairly on the turn, his anxiety lessened, and he told the dancers they had better go to bed. Towards morning the ship floated and proceeded on her way; but from that day to this the passengers never knew of the imminent peril they ran during the hours of their merry-making."

"It is a likely enough thing to happen, and I have heard of something very similar. In the case I refer to the ship met another steamer, and in complying with the rule of the road, she was placed in such a position that she was obliged to run one of two risks—that of going ashore or of being sunk. The pilot acted upon his matured judgment, and chose the lesser of the two evils. The anchor was ordered to be let go, in order to deceive the passengers with the idea that they were simply waiting for the tide. We have frequently to run the risk of the ships grounding in order to avoid a collision."

In reply to a question as to how long he would be with the ship he was just going to take out, Mr. Rhodes said: "I shall pilot her to the Isle of Wight, which is usually a run of about twenty-four hours, though sometimes it may extend to thirty-six. Piloting is

very different now to what it was formerly, when we had to do chiefly with sailing vessels. Even now, when taking out a sailer, you may be on board two or three weeks; it all depends on the weather; but, shorter or longer, you get no more for the job. I remember the time when the skipper used to keep the last porker or the last fowl for the pilot; and when he came on board the first question was, 'What's the news?' But everything is changed now, and though things are done with more speed, the risk is greater and the anxiety is greater. Personally we have to run so much risk, especially in leaving ships, that, although some of us may be well paid, yet on the whole piloting can hardly be said to pay for the danger incurred. In my time many pilots have lost their lives in following their calling. I have piloted ships on which there have been old and experienced sailors, and after taking careful notice of the work required of us, they have said, again and again, that whatever some may get, generally pilots do not receive enough."

Incidentally, Mr. Rhodes remarked that he thought it was a pity the authorities could not see their way to give them a clear channel of 130ft. from the docks to the sea. It was, he said, quite feasible; and in the crowded state of the river, it would not only be the means of saving much time, but of doing away with much risk.

A Horrible Fright.

BY L. T. MEADE.



DON'T think I am at all nervous, and, therefore, when I say that I am about to describe two hours of absolute agony, I hope my readers will believe that the circumstances were at the best exceptional, and will still give me credit for being at least as brave as most girls of my age.

I have always despised so-called nerves. When a child I quite loved to sleep in the dark. At school I was the prime mover of ghost stories, and I remember now that some of my practical jokes verged strangely upon the unkind and even dangerous. I have been educated quite up to modern ideas. It is only a year since I left Girton, and I am now comfortably established at home with my father and mother. I am the only daughter, and am between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age. We live in a large place about an hour's ride by rail from London. I have my own special horse, and a little pony carriage besides for my exclusive use. I also have my study or boudoir, and can order what books I please for my own benefit, not only from Mudie, but from the local booksellers. I am passionately fond of music, and can play two or three instruments. I think I can say, without any false pride, that my performances on the violin are rather better than those of most amateurs. I am also great at all kinds of out-door sports and games. I am the champion player of the tennis club to which I belong, and I am at the present time successfully getting up a lady's golf club. In short, I think I may truly say of myself that I represent the average, up-to-date, well-educated, rather strong-minded, nineteenth-century girl.

Now, I must tell about my fright. You can imagine that it must have been something special to put me into such a state of terror that I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

I received an invitation late last autumn to go to see my grandfather, who lives in Dublin. My mother did not particularly wish me to go. I really think mothers must have premonitions, for there was no apparent reason for my not taking such a

simple and easily-accomplished journey. I had been abroad a good deal, and had had adventures more than one; therefore, when my mother fretted herself about my going from London to Dublin, *via* Holyhead, I could not help laughing at her.

"If you must go alone, Virginia," she said, "had you not better travel by day?"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense," I said. "I *hate* travelling by day, particularly by a route which I already know. Besides, it is such a waste of time. At night, one can sleep and travel together. Oh, say no more about it dear, good mother. I'll take the night mail from Euston, this evening, and have breakfast with grandfather in the morning."

My mother made no further remonstrances, but I heard her sighing in the most aggravating style, and I knew she was murmuring to herself about my headstrongness and how I never would listen to reason.

Nothing makes me so obstinate as those muttered remonstrances of my relatives. Are they afraid of me, that they don't speak out? I am always amenable to reason, but when people mutter over me, then I become simply mulish. I adore my dear mother, but even for her I cannot be expected to give up my own way when I hear her muttering that it is "Just like Virginia."

My things were packed, and I started off in good time to catch the night mail at Euston.

"You had better go in one of the ladies' carriages," said my father.

I quite gasped in horror when he made this audacious proposal.

"Now, *do* you suppose I am likely to do anything quite so old-maidish?" I replied. "No, I have fixed on the exact corner where I shall snooze away from Euston to Holyhead." I led my father, as I spoke, to a carriage where two old gentlemen had already comfortably established themselves. They had spread out their rugs, and taken complete possession of the corners which were out of the draught. I was oblivious to draughts, and chose my corner opposite the old gentleman who was nearest to the entrance door. My father supplied me with three or four evening papers. I had an uncut novel in my bag, and

a little reading-lamp, which I could fasten to the window ledge. Two or three moments later I had said farewell to my father, and the great express—the Wild Irish Girl—had steamed in grand style out of the station.

I like the feeling of being whirled through space in an express train going at the top of its speed. I looked at the evening papers. Their contents did not specially interest me. I then gazed at my opposite neighbour. He was very stout and very red. He tucked his travelling rug tightly about him, and before we had passed Willesden was fast asleep. He made a distressing noise with his loud snores, and I thought him decidedly irritating.

The express went on its way without let or hindrance. Now and then it swayed from side to side, as if its own great speed were making it giddy; then again it steadied itself, and rushed on and on with a rhythmic sort of motion, which was infinitely soothing, and caused me to forget my two uninteresting companions, and to sink gradually into the land of dreams.

I was awakened presently from quite a sound nap by the slowing of the train. It was coming into a great station, which I found was Chester. We must have passed Crewe while I was asleep. My two companions were now all alive and brisk. They were fastening



“MY TWO COMPANIONS WERE ALL ALIVE AND BRISK.”

For a moment or two I almost regretted that I had not gone in an empty ladies' carriage. The other old gentleman was scarcely a more agreeable travelling companion. He had a noisy cough, and a bad cold. He blew his nose, and he coughed about every two minutes, and then he looked around him to see if there were any possible draughts. He not only shut his own window but the ventilator above as well, and then he glared at the ventilator which belonged to the snoring old gentleman and me. I made up my mind that *that* ventilator should only be shut over my fallen body.

up their rugs and folding their papers, and I saw that they intended to leave the train.

“If you are going on to Holyhead,” said the snoring one to me, “you have ten minutes to wait here—quite time to get a cup of tea, if you want one.”

I thanked him, and thought that I would carry his suggestion into effect. A cup of tea would be perfect, and would set me up for the remainder of my journey. I accordingly stepped on to the platform, and went over the bridge to the great waiting-rooms, which presented at this time a gay scene of eager, hungry, fussy men and women sitting at

tables, and standing at counters, each and all of them eating and drinking for bare life.

I ordered my tea, drank it standing at the counter, paid for it, and also for a bun, which I carried away with me in a paper bag, and returned to my carriage. I saw a heap of rugs and a large black bag deposited in the corner away from mine, and wondered with a faint passing curiosity who my new travelling companion was likely to be. The guard came up at this moment to see if I were comfortable. He said that we would not stop again until we reached Holyhead, and asked me if I wanted for anything.

I said "No."

"Perhaps you'd like me to lock the carriage door, miss?" he said. "The train is not too full to-night, and I can manage it."

I laughed and pointed to the rugs and bag in the opposite corner.

"Someone has already taken possession," I said.

"But if you wish, miss, I'll put those things in another carriage," said the guard.

"No, no," I replied, "I don't mind company in the least."

Just then my fellow-traveller put in an appearance. He was a big man, wrapped up in a great ulster and with a muffler round his throat and mouth. The guard looked at him, I thought, a little suspiciously. This made me angry. I have no patience with those squeamish girls who think every man who sees them must offer them either admiration or insult. I looked very cheerful, made way for the traveller to take his seat, and smiled and thanked the guard. A moment later the train started on its way.

We had just got well outside the station when the gentleman in the ulster and muffler carefully unwound the latter appendage from his mouth and throat. He folded it up neatly, and put it into his black bag. Afterwards he took off his ulster. I now saw that he was a fairly good-looking man of about eight and twenty. He wore a full moustache of raven hue, and a short beard. He had very black and piercing eyes. When I looked at him, I discovered that he also looked at me.

"Now, are you getting nervous, Virginia, or are you not?" I murmured to myself. "Why may not a man look at a girl if he pleases? There is an old proverb that a cat may look at a king. Let me suppose, therefore, that the man opposite is a well-grown and presentable cat, and that I am his Majesty the king. The cat may stare as

long as he pleases. The king will not disturb himself."

Accordingly, I prepared to light my reading-lamp, as I knew that I could not possibly fall asleep under the gaze of those watchful, dark eyes.

I had just settled myself comfortably, and had taken my uncut novel out of my bag, when the stranger spoke to me.

"Do you object to my opening the window?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied. I gave him a distant little bow, which was meant to say that the cat must keep its distance, and lowered my eyes over the fascinating pages of my novel.

The train was now going at a rattling pace, and I found that the draught from the open window was rather more than I cared to be subjected to. I had just raised my head, and was about to ask my travelling companion if he would be kind enough to close it, when I met a sight which gave me the first premonition of that horror which this story is meant to describe. The man in the opposite corner had opened his black bag, and taken from it a pair of large, sharp-looking scissors, and also a razor. When I glanced at him he had opened the razor, and was gently and dextrously sharpening it on a leather strop which he had fastened to one of the buttons of the window. He met my eye as I met his, and smiled grimly.

I felt that a situation of some sort was imminent, and, closing my book, sat perfectly still with my hands tightly locked together and my heart beating loudly. The light from the reading-lamp fell full upon me, and I turned abruptly and put it out.

"I will thank you to light that lamp again," said the stranger. "Do so at once—there is no time to lose."

"I don't understand you," I said.

I tried to make my voice imperious and haughty, but I was terribly conscious that it came out of my throat in little gasps and jerks.

"Now, look here," said the man. "I know you are frightened, and I am not in the least surprised. I should be frightened if I were in your position. You are alone in a railway carriage with a man who could strangle you and throw your dead body on the line if he felt the least inclined to do so. No no—you don't get to the alarm bell. I am keeping guard over that. Now, I may as well tell you frankly that I have come into this railway carriage on purpose to have the pleasure of your society. I saw you get into the carriage



"HE HAD OPENED THE RAZOR."

at Euston, and I knew that you would be alone when you got to Chester. From Chester to Holyhead is a long run. The train is now comfortably on its way, and will not stop for nearly two hours. You see, therefore, that you are completely at my mercy. Your only chance of safety is in doing *exactly* what I tell you. Now, have the goodness to light that reading-lamp immediately."

The stranger's voice was imperious—he had now changed his seat to one opposite mine. His restless, brilliant eyes were fixed full on my face.

"Light the lamp," he said.

I obeyed him without a moment's hesitation.

When I had lit it he took it from my shaking fingers and fastened it to the cushion of the seat in the centre of the carriage.

"That is better," he said, "that is more cheerful. Now, see, I am going to kneel down. Look at my face. Can you see it well?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I have a good deal of hair, haven't I?"

"You have," I replied.

"Do you see this pair of scissors?"

"Yes."

"And this razor?"

"Yes."

"They're deadly weapons, are they not?"

"They could do mischief," I answered, in a faltering voice.

"Aye, aye, they could—and they will, too, unless a certain young lady does *exactly* what she is told. Now, come—the moment for action has arrived—take your gloves off."

I hesitated.

"Take them off," thundered the man.

They were off in a twinkling.

"Come up close, and begin."

"Begin what?"

"Don't be a fool. You have plenty of intelligence if you choose to exercise it. Cut off my moustache."

I drew back.

"I don't know how," I faltered.

"I'll soon teach you."

"How, pray?" I asked.

"By sharpening that razor a little more. Now, are you going to try? Take the scissors in your hand."

He knelt so that the light of the lamp should fall full on him, and gave me the scissors. I took it at once and began my task.

"Hold my chin," he said. "You can't do your work properly in that shaky way. Cut, I say—cut."

I did cut—God alone knows how I managed it, but I got the man's thick and sweeping moustache off. As I worked he gave me imperious directions.

"Cut clean," he said, "cut close and clean. You will have to shave me presently."

"That will be very dangerous for you," I ventured to retort.



"CUT, I SAY—CUT."

"Fudge," he replied. "You will be cool enough by that time. Now, is the moustache all gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Cut the whiskers off."

"No," I answered.

"Yes," he replied.

He fixed his eyes on me, and I obeyed him. The whiskers were followed by the beard—the hair, by the hair on the man's head.

How my fingers ached! how my heart thumped! how those basilisk eyes seemed to pierce through me, and fill me with sick loathing and abject horror!

When I had finished the cutting process, he took from the depths of his bag some shaving apparatus, poured water into a little flask, made the soap lather, and desired me to shave him. I was now completely meek and subdued, and obeyed his least direction without a word. Fortunately for the man's life, I had on one or two occasions performed this operation on my brother, who taught me how to manage the razor, and complimented me on my skill. It came to my aid now. Notwithstanding the shaking

train, and the agitated state of my nerves, I performed my task well. I even became, in the queerest way, proud of my successful shaving. The man's cheeks and upper lip looked as innocent of hair as a baby's before I had done with him.

At last my task was done, and a shaven, uncouth object took the place of the handsome stranger who had come into the train an hour ago.

When my work was over he stooped, collected every scrap of hair, and flung it out of the window. Then he shut the window and told me to put out the reading-lamp.

I obeyed, and crouched back in my corner, trembling in every limb.

"You have only one more thing to do for me," he said.

"Oh, *is* there any more?" I panted. "I don't think my strength will hold out."

"Yes, it will," he replied. "This part of your task is easy. Turn your head and look out of the window. Don't look

back again under any circumstances, until I give you leave. If you do, you are a dead woman."

I turned my head.

I looked out into the black night. My eyes were swimming—my throat was dry, my heart continued to thump horribly. I felt that I had already lived through a lifetime. I had a kind of sensation that I should never have courage and buoyancy of heart again. The train went on its way, thumping and bounding. I heard the rustle of my companion's movements. Was he a madman? Yes, of course he must be mad. Was he stealing stealthily up now to murder me with that sharp and shining razor? Would the train ever reach its destination? Would the dreadful night ever go?

At last—at last, thank Heaven, I felt the motion of the great express perceptibly slackening. At the same instant my fellow-traveller spoke to me.

"You can look round now," he said. "Your task is over. All you have to do is to give me five minutes' grace, and you are safe."

I looked round eagerly. What I saw

forced a loud exclamation from my lips. The metamorphosis in my companion was now fully accomplished. An elderly clergyman, in complete and most correct clerical

took off his hat to me with a gracious movement.

"Bénédictité," he said, in a full and reverent voice.



"AN ELDERLY CLERGYMAN."

costume, was seated at the other end of the carriage. The hair which was seen below his hat was silvery white. He had white eyebrows. The rest of his face was clean shaven.

The train drew into the station.

The moment it did so, the clergyman flung open the door of the carriage. He

I saw him no more.

A moment later two detectives came up to the door. They asked eagerly if I were travelling alone, or if I had had a companion with a black moustache and beard.

I was positively too much stunned to reply to them. I don't think, to this day, my elderly clergyman was ever discovered.

Giants and Dwarfs.

II.



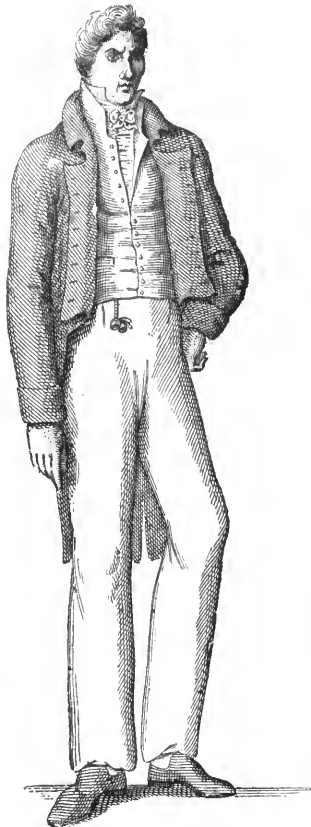
N a contemporary print, James Toller, a native of St. Neots, 8ft. high when seventeen years of age, is placed by the side of Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf 28in. in height, the effect being very graphic, although, as a matter of fact, the giant should, to be in correct proportion, be represented rather taller than he actually has been drawn. Toller was born on August 28th, 1795, and died in February, 1819, being at that time 8ft. 6in. high, 6in. more than when the portrait was engraved. At ten years of age his height was over 5ft.; at seventeen, 8ft. At eighteen he measured from his foot to his knee 26in., and his foot was 15in. long. He had two gigantic sisters, one of whom was 5ft. 8½in. at thirteen years of age, and the other nearly 5ft. when only seven. Their parents were of common size, as likewise was one brother. Toller's appetite was not much larger than that of most other people. In 1816 he was exhibited at 34, Piccadilly. Many old residents of St. Neots will remember the stories long current of young Toller, and his appearance in the streets of the old town.

Little Simon Paap, on the other hand, ceased to grow at three years of age, having previously been rather a fine child. He was born in 1789, and at twenty-six

years of age, being, as previously mentioned, 28in. in height, he weighed only 27lb. His limbs and body were of good proportion, but his head was large for his small size. He ate about the quantity proper to a child of four. He was fond of his pipe and a pinch of snuff, as well as an occasional glass of wine, and spoke Dutch, French, and English very freely. Paap was presented to the Queen, the Prince Regent, and all the rest of the Royal Family at Carlton House. At Covent Garden Theatre the little man went through military exercises with a little gun, wearing at the time, on his left breast, a miniature portrait of the Prince of Orange, set in gold, a Royal present. He took his airings in the streets

of the West-end dressed as a small boy, with a little whip in his hand, and attended by a nursemaid, to avert public attention. Paap died at Dennermonde on December 2nd, 1828.

Louis Frenz, who gained London notoriety as the "French Giant," was born in 1800. In 1822, when twenty-two years of age, he was first exhibited at 22, New Bond Street. He adopted the show-name of Monsieur Louis, and naïvely confessed to his visitors that he had come to London to make a fortune in order that he might take it back to France to spend. His height was from 7ft. 4in. to 7ft. 6in., and he always alleged that he had two sisters



JAMES TOLLER.



SIMON PAAP.



LOUIS FRENZ.

nearly as tall as himself and a brother taller. The accompanying portrait, wherein an ill-mannered visitor, neglecting to remove a hat much too large for him, is prudently employing an eye-glass the better to scan the giant's loftily distant features, was published in 1826, having been drawn upon lithographic stone, from life, by M. Ganeï.

Robert Hales, the "Norfolk Giant," attracted much attention about the middle of this century. He was born in May, 1820, at Somerton, near Yarmouth. His father, a farmer, was 6ft. 6in. in height, and his mother full 6ft. A certain ancestor of his mother's, in the time of Henry VIII., was said to have been as tall as 8ft. 4in. This large couple had a family of five daughters and four sons, the average height of the sons being 6ft.

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5in., and of the daughters 6ft. 3½in. Robert, the biggest, was rather over 7ft. 6in., and the tallest of the sisters, who died at twenty years of age, was 7ft. 2in. Robert Hales was not a slender weakling as so many very tall men have been, but quite stout in proportion to his great height, weighing, when at his best, 33st., and measuring at that time 62in. round the chest, 64in. round the waist, 36in. across the shoulders, 36in. round the thigh, and 21in. round the calf. In early life he was a wherryman, but his height led him to show at fairs. Barnum heard of him and, in 1848, took him over to America, where he created a great sensation, 28,000 people visiting the show in ten days. He returned to England in 1851 and set up in the Craven Head Tavern, Drury Lane. He was presented to the Queen, who gave him



ROBERT HALES.

a gold watch and chain, of which he was afterwards extremely proud, wearing them always till the day of his death. At the Craven Head he seems to have given mesmeric entertainments, to judge from a window-bill now before the writer, which announces that "A variety of pleasing and instructive experiments will be exhibited at the Assembly Room, Craven Head Tavern, 98, Drury Lane, by Mr. Hale, Professor of Galvanism, every Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evening." Business at the Craven Head, however, was a failure, and Hales travelled with shows again, continuing this life, with short intervals, till 1862, when he was attacked by illness. He recovered from this attack, but died in the following year from consumption, contracted, it was said, from travelling in confined vans. He was a very cheerful and intelligent man, as his portrait, drawn in his licensed victualling days, would seem to indicate; although it is not the portrait of a man who would appear likely to die of consumption.

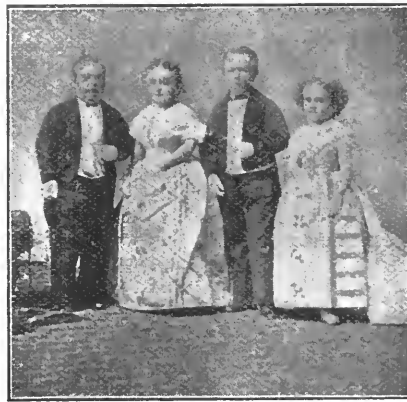
Probably the most famous dwarf of this century, thanks to the talented advertising of Barnum, was Charles S. Stratton—known to most as "General Tom Thumb." Born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, January 11th, 1832, Tom Thumb weighed at his birth 9lb. 2oz. — rather more than a fairly heavy baby usually weighs at this early period. At five months old he was still a big child, weighing 15lb. and measuring 25in. in height—or, perhaps, length would seem the better word for so young a person. At this he stopped, and when first exhibited in England, in 1844, he was still only 25in. high and only 20z. more in weight than he had been at five months. After this, however, he grew, his height at the time of his death in 1883 being 31in., and his weight having increased considerably. At first he dressed and acted in the characters of *Frederick the Great* and *Napoleon I.*, but in 1846 he appeared at the Lyceum Theatre as *Hop o' my Thumb* with great success, his natural sense of humour

having something to do with the fact, as well as his small figure. Barnum brought him to England, having first exhibited him at his New York Museum. One of the first incidents of the visit to England was his appearance before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, an appearance by Her Majesty's desire afterwards twice repeated. In 1845 he went to Paris, and there received presents from King Louis Philippe, and to Brussels, where he was similarly handsomely treated by the King of the Belgians. After this he returned to London to show at the Egyptian Hall. It was at this time that the unfortunate painter Haydon had the ill-luck to open a show of pictures, with the idea of retrieving his lately fallen fortunes, at the same time that Tom Thumb began his séances—and in another part of the same

building. Everybody went to see the dwarf, entirely neglecting the painter, who shortly afterwards committed suicide. It was in 1844 that a London coach-maker built Tom Thumb's famous carriage. The body of this was twenty inches in height, painted blue and picked out in white. Shetland ponies drew this chariot, and the coachman and footmen were boys. In 1847 it was authoritatively stated that the receipts of the European tour

of Tom Thumb, up to that time, had been £150,000.

In 1863, Tom Thumb married Miss Lavinia Warren, a dwarf an inch taller than himself, and in the following year the pair came to England, in company with Commodore Nutt, another dwarf, who had acted as best man at the wedding, and the bride's sister, Minnie Warren. This company of four dwarfs made a great success—the incomes of Tom Thumb and his wife being assessed in the succeeding few years, for purposes of taxation, at from ten to twenty thousand pounds a year. In 1866, Mrs. Stratton presented her husband with a baby, which, however, died early, of inflammation of the brain. After a few more years of exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton retired, with a very comfortable fortune indeed, to



TOM THUMB, LAVINIA WARREN, COMMODORE NUTT,
MINNIE WARREN.

From a Photo. by Anthony, New York.

live at Tom Thumb's native place—Bridgeport. Here Tom Thumb died, in July, 1883. A portrait of the dwarf in his later years, which we give, is introduced in the same plate as that containing the portraits of a pair of smaller dwarfs, to be mentioned later.

Chang, the "Chinese Giant," first came to England in 1864, being at that time nineteen years old and 7ft. 9in. high. He was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, at their Royal Highnesses' request, wrote his name (Chang Wow Gow) in Chinese characters on the wall of the room at a height of ten feet from the ground. It was said that he had, at this time, a sister 8ft. 4in. in height. Chang remained in this country a year or two on exhibition, growing slightly during that time—not merely on the showman's bills, but in actual fact. As well as at other places, he was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, in company with half-a-dozen other Celestials of ordinary stature, who had all brought their coffins with them. Chang returned to his native Peking until 1878, when he went to Paris for the Exhibition. By this time he had grown both taller and stouter, and his height was a trifle over 8ft., while he weighed 26st. After Paris he visited Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other European cities, turning up again in London in 1880, and being shown, in company with Henrik Berstad, a Norwegian giant, a little shorter than himself, and 2st. lighter, at the Westminster Aquarium. After his retirement into private life Chang resided at Bournemouth, where he died only last November at the age of forty-eight. He was an extremely intelligent giant, and spoke English, French, German, Spanish, and Japanese, in addition of course to his own language. He was much more regular and prepossessing of

feature than is usual in the case of the heathen Chinese, and his memory for faces was wonderful. In 1880, at the Aquarium, he recognised several of the visitors who had made his acquaintance at his previous visit, sixteen years before.

In 1869, Miss Anna H. Swan, the "Nova Scotia Giantess," came to England, and in 1870 she came again, as also did Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, the "Kentucky Giant." Captain Bates was a little short of 8ft. in height, and Miss Swan was an inch or two less. Bates was born in Kentucky in 1847, and his family had been for generations remarkable for great stature. Indeed, Ken-

tucky is said to be a great place for tall people, and is considered to be the native state of the famous American gentleman who had to go up a ladder to shave himself. But the height of the Bateses was a matter of fact, Martin's father being 6ft. 7in. in height, and his mother 6ft. Martin's shortest brother (he had three) was as tall as his father. Martin himself was 6ft. high on his eleventh birthday, and weighed more than 16st.—an awkward sort of boy in a small school. When only fourteen years of age Martin became a



CHANG.

From a Photo. by Day & Son, Bournemouth.

private in the 3rd Kentucky Infantry of the Confederate army, and was promoted to a captaincy at sixteen. The various exploits of Captain Bates in the Civil War were set forth in pamphlets sold when he was shown in England, and illustrated by alarming wood-cuts of the primitive or red-hot poker style of execution, representing the giant with an enormous sword, the centre of a miscellaneous whirl of loose arms, legs, heads, odd joints, and enemies, doing tremendous execution. As a matter of fact, however, he did distinguish himself considerably, and was badly wounded more than once. At the time of his English tour



From a Photo. by

CAPTAIN BATES AND MRS. BATES.

[Germou.

weight, 52st. He measured 8ft. round the shoulders, 7ft. round the waist, 3ft. round the calf, and almost 4ft. round the thigh. He was a man of considerable intelligence and humour, and used to tell a story of a Newcastle tailor who announced a speciality in a cheap fifty-shilling suit, but who took down the notice when Campbell came in with an order. Medical men stated that very little of this giant's enormous bulk was fat. Campbell afterwards took the "Duke of Wellington" public-house, in Newcastle, and there died. The funeral was an

he weighed over 26st. A year or two later he married Miss Swan.

Miss Swan, unlike her future husband, came of parents of very ordinary size, her father, a Scotch emigrant, measuring only 5ft. 6in. and weighing 10st., and the height of her mother being actually no more than a bare 5ft. Miss Swan was 6ft. high at eleven years of age, and at fifteen much taller. She was exhibited at New York by Barnum. After the fire at Barnum's in 1865 (from which she had a difficult escape down a burning staircase) she took a short turn at acting, appearing as *Lady Macbeth* at the Winter Garden Theatre of New York. Soon, however, she returned to Barnum, and enjoyed another narrow escape from his next fire, in February, 1868. After this, giving up New York and fire-escapes, she made an American tour, followed the next year by one in this country. The portraits of Captain and Mrs. Bates are from a photograph, wherein two more ordinary persons are introduced by way of contrast.

In 1878 William Campbell, a great curiosity in giants, was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. He was twenty-three years of age at the time, and although his height, 6ft. 4in., was not remarkable for a giant, his other measurements were, as also was his

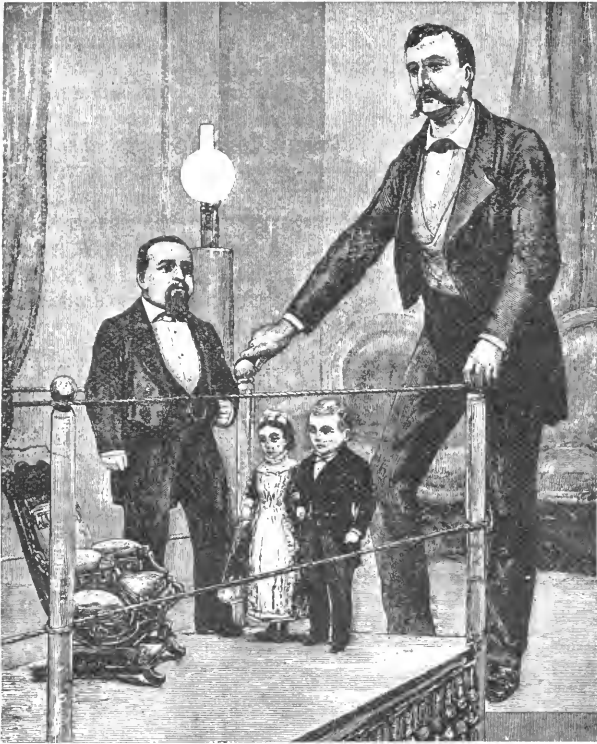


From a Sketch by

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

[Alfred Bryan.

(By permission of the proprietors of The Entrance.)



TOM THUMB, LUCIA ZARATE, AND GENERAL MITE.

extraordinary sight. The coffin, of elm, lined with lead, was hoisted with difficulty to an upper window, the sash whereof was taken out and a large quantity of wall on either side knocked away to admit it. Then, with the body in it (the whole weighing a ton), the coffin was removed in the same way. It took an hour to lower into the grave at Jesmond Cemetery. Our illustration is from a humorous drawing by Mr. Alfred Bryan, and although, to some extent, a caricature, it is extremely like the original.

Probably the smallest pair of dwarfs ever exhibited were the "Midgets," General Mite and Lucia Zarate, exhibited in England in 1880. Lucia Zarate, at this time seventeen years old, was only twenty inches high, and weighed but $4\frac{3}{4}$ lb., while General Mite, sixteen, was an inch higher, and weighed 9 lb. Their ex-

temremely small size is well shown in the illustration we reproduce, where they are placed near Tom Thumb, who has been drawn, however, much too large. Lucia Zarate was a Mexican, her parents and their other children being of ordinary size. Lucia, however, weighed but $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. at birth, and had attained her full growth at the age of twelve months. General Mite weighed but $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. at birth, and was only 9 in. long. He grew till eight years of age. These extremely tiny dwarfs made a great sensation in England, as may easily be remembered, and they were married at St. Martin's Church. Lucia died at the age of nearly twenty-seven, from cold and exposure in a snow-bound train in America.

A very marvellous giantess, who will be well remembered, was Marian, so much advertised in 1882 as 8 ft. 2 in. high, "and still

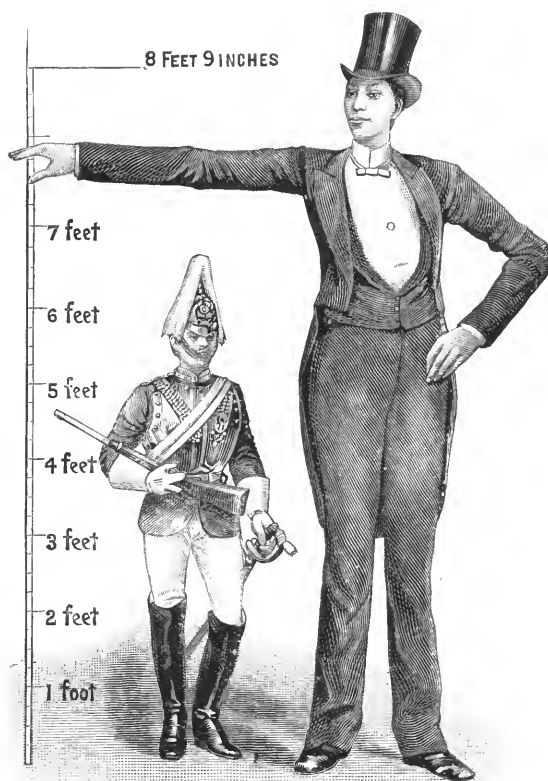


MARIAN.

growing"; at this time she was only sixteen years of age. She appeared as the Amazon Princess in the spectacle of "Babil and Bijou" at the Alhambra Theatre. She was born at Benkendorf, a village near the Thuringian Mountains. She was a handsome and well-formed young woman, of very amiable disposition, but she died at Berlin almost at the end of her eighteenth year.

The last giant of notable proportions to come among us, was one of the tallest. This was Herr Winkelmeier, an Austrian, who was twenty-one years of age when he arrived in

London in 1886, and measured 8ft. 7in. in height. He was, as may be remembered, of thin, stalky build, and he died, as many giants do, very young. Particulars of his early growth do not seem to have been recorded, although this is always an interesting matter—as may be recalled from the story of the old lady in New York who, meeting a gigantic man in the street, asked, in amazement, "Mister, were you as large as that when you were little?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the giant, "I was considerable big when I was small."



HERR WINKELMEIER.



FATMA

A Story for Children.

From the German of Wilhelm Hauf.

I.



USTAPHA and his sister, Fatma, were about the same age—the brother being at most two years older than her. A sincere affection existed between the two, and they both united in the effort to brighten the declining years of their invalid father.

On Fatma's seventeenth birthday, her brother held a feast and invited all her girl-companions; the meal was spread in the garden, and in the evening Mustapha proposed they should accompany him in a yacht, which he had hired and decorated for the purpose. Fatma and her friends joyously consented, for the evening was fine, and the town, especially at that time of day, afforded a charming sight when beheld from the sea. The young ladies were so delighted,

that they begged Mustapha still further to put out to sea. This, however, he did unwillingly, as a corsair had been seen in those waters only a few days before. Not far from the town rises a promontory in the sea, and here the ladies wished to go to watch the sunset. As they approached the spot, they perceived at a short distance from them a vessel manned by armed men. Suspecting nothing good from this, Mustapha ordered his men to turn round and row to the land. Immediately his anxiety was increased, as he saw the strange vessel bear swiftly towards him and station itself between him and the land. The girls, on seeing their danger, were in the utmost alarm, and all crowded to the farther side of the yacht with cries of terror. Mustapha had no control over the affrighted maidens, and, ere he could prevent it, this rush had capsized the yacht.

Meanwhile, they had been observed from the shore, and the manœuvres of the strange vessel having excited suspicion, several boats had put out to the assistance of the pleasure-seekers. Two of these were on the

spot just in time to pick up the drowning ladies, and, in the confusion of the moment, the corsair escaped; but, upon the two boats which had come so opportunely, it was uncertain whether all of the unfortunate party had been picked up. They, therefore, approached one another, and, alas! it was found that Fatma and one of her companions were missing. At the same time they found in one of the boats a dark-looking man whom none knew. Upon the threats of Mustapha, this stranger confessed that he belonged to the corsair, which now lay anchored about a league out to sea. In their flight his companions had left him behind while he was helping to pick up the drowning ladies—two of whom he had helped up into his ship.

The grief of the aged father was boundless, but not less was Mustapha overwhelmed, for not only had he lost his sister and was himself the cause of the misfortune, but, in the companion who was to share Fatma's lot, he lost his affianced bride. He had already obtained the consent of her parents to the union, but had not yet dared to inform his father of his choice, as she was poor and not of noble descent. After the first shock of grief was over, the father, who was a stern and passionate man, ordered Mustapha to come before him, and said:—

"Thy foolhardiness hath robbed me of the joy of my eyes and the comfort of my old age. Go hence. I banish thee from my sight for ever, and only when thou bringest back my Fatma shalt thou be free from an old father's curse."

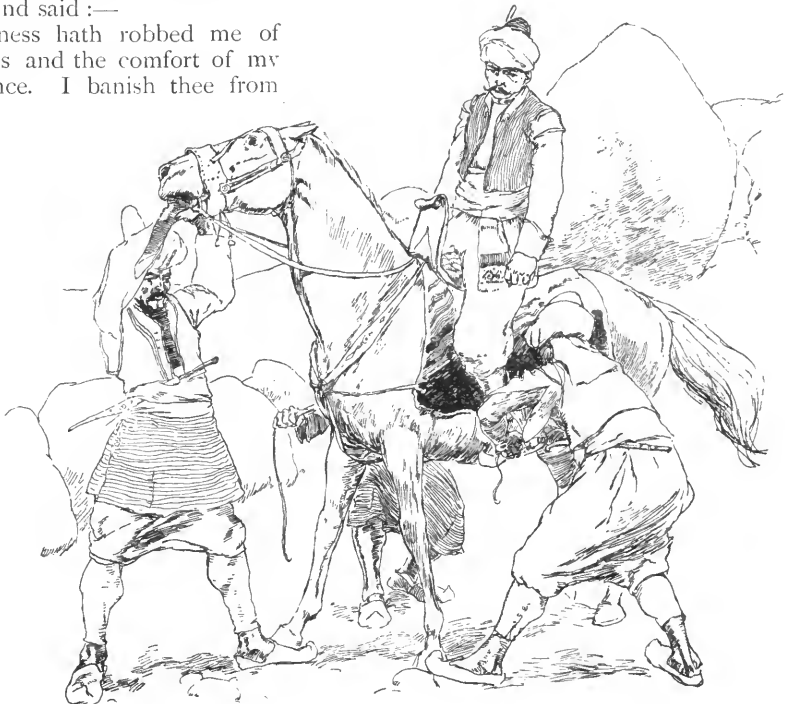
Mustapha did not expect this severity. He had already resolved to find and bring back his sister and her companion, and was on the point of seeking his father's blessing on the quest, when he was sent away with a curse! He was almost overcome by grief and despair, but now this unexpected

blow served to rouse his strength of will and urge him to action.

He betook himself to the captive sea-robber, and learned that the corsair was bound for Balsora, where a notorious slave-market was held, and there, no doubt, the two captured maidens would be disposed of. On returning again to the house, the father's anger seemed to have been appeased so far that he had left a purse of money to assist his son on his expedition.

Mustapha took a sorrowful farewell of the parents of Zoraida, for that was his bride's name, and then set out for Balsora.

He had to make the journey by land, since no vessels sailed direct from the town to Balsora, and thus he must travel as rapidly as possible in order to arrive there not too long after the sea-robbers. Still, he had a good horse and no luggage, and he might do the distance in seven days. At the end of the fourth day's journey he was suddenly accosted by three men, all well armed and mounted. Seeing that they sought after his money and his horse rather than to take his life, he at once offered to surrender these. They took his gold, and then, dismounting, they bound his feet to his horse's body, and



"THEY BOUND HIS FEET TO HIS HORSE'S BODY."

then, without uttering a word, they took to the saddle and led him off between them at a sharp trot.

Mustapha gave way to despair: his father's curse seemed already to be in fulfilment. How could he hope to save his sister and her companion, robbed, as he now was, of all his means? The silent party had hurried on for about an hour, when they turned aside into a narrow valley, which was shut in by high trees. A small, rapid brook ran through the valley, and the rich, soft turf seemed to invite rest. Fifteen or twenty tents were erected, around which were grazing a number of camels and fine-looking steeds, whilst from one of the tents came forth the sounds of a zither and the voices of two men. It seemed to Mustapha that the occupants of this jovial camping-place could not intend any bodily harm to their captive, and he, therefore, felt no fear when his conductor loosed his hands and motioned him to follow. He was led into one of the tents, which was larger than the rest, and richly furnished. Splendid cushions, embroidered with gold, soft carpets and golden braziers would elsewhere have denoted wealth, but here they only showed the result of successful robberies. On one of the cushions reclined a short, old man, with an ugly face and dark, shiny skin. A look of defiance and cunning about eyes and mouth gave him a most hateful expression. Although this man affected to be of some importance, Mustapha soon saw that he was not master of the luxuriousness around him, and the words of his captors confirmed this opinion.

"Where is the chief?" they inquired of the short, shiny man.

"He is out for a hunt," replied he, "and has left me to represent him in his absence."

"Then he has not done wisely," answered one of the robbers, "for we must know at once whether this dog must die or pay, and you cannot decide that."

The little man arose and stretched himself out with the obvious intention of revenging this attack on his dignity by a blow, which, however, he was not tall enough to carry into effect, and instead, broke out into a rage of imprecations, in which the others joined until the tent shook with the tumult. At that moment a curtain was drawn aside and there appeared a tall, noble-looking figure, young and handsome as some Persian prince. Besides a jewelled dagger and a richly ornamented sabre, his arms and clothing were plain and simple, but his firm glance and

stately bearing commanded respect without inspiring fear.

"Who dares to raise strife under my tent?" he demanded.

The occupants were taken by surprise, and, for a moment, all were silent. At last the robber who had led in Mustapha told how the strife began. The chief's face flushed with anger as he asked:—

"When did I ever require you, Hassan, to represent my place?"

The little man thus addressed seemed to shrink still smaller from fear, and slunk behind the tent door. The three men then led Mustapha before their chief, who laid himself upon the cushions in the tent, and said:—

"We bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

The chief looked carefully on the prisoner, and then said to him: "Bassa von Suleika, your own conscience will tell you why you stand before Orbasan."

On hearing these words Mustapha threw himself down before the chief, and replied: "Oh, Orbasan, you are doubtless in error, for I am a poor stranger and not the Bassa whom you appear to want."

At this, a look of surprise was seen on all who heard it, but the chief added: "It can be of no good to you to attempt a disguise, for I have here persons who know you well." And he commanded Zuleima to be fetched before him.

An old woman appeared, and was asked if she knew who the man was.

"That do I," said she, "and by the beard of our Prophet I swear it is the Bassa, and no one else."

"Do you see, craven," began the chief, in anger, "how your cunning comes to nought? You are too vile for me to stain my sword in your base blood: you shall be tied to my horse's tail, and shall hang thus while we hunt in the woods from morning till mid-day!"

Mustapha was helpless. "This is the curse of my father pursuing me to a horrible death," he cried in tears, "and you also, my sister, are lost, and you, Zoraida!"

"Your feigning is to no purpose," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind him and leading him to the door. Orbasan bit his lips in scorn and his hand itched to grasp his dagger. "If you would still live one night longer, come, and at once."

Just as the robbers were leading Mustapha out of the tent they were met by three others of their party leading with them a prisoner. They entered Orbasan's tent and said: "We



"YOUR FEIGNING IS TO NO PURPOSE," SAID ONE OF THE ROBBERS."

bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

As Mustapha passed out, he was struck by the great likeness of the captive to himself, only his moustache was blacker and his face of darker colour.

The chief was astonished at the appearance of the second prisoner, and demanded : "Who, then, is the right one ?"

"If you mean who is Bassa von Suleika," answered the prisoner, in a proud, haughty tone, "I am the right one."

The chief gazed on him with his keenest look, and then in silence motioned his men to lead him away. He then went himself up to Mustapha, and taking his dagger he loosed his bands, and, conducting him up to his own seat, said : "Stranger, I am right sorry to have mistaken you for that monster ; but you have to thank Heaven that you have fallen into our hands just at the time which brings yonder traitor to his doom."

Mustapha then begged for the single favour that he might continue his journey at once, as every hour's delay was of serious consequence to him. Orbasan inquired the business which demanded

such haste, and on hearing his story, he begged Mustapha to remain the night with him as his guest, and, in the morning, he would show him a path which would take him in thirty hours to Balsora. As both Mustapha and his horse were in need of rest, he willingly consented, and was served with a costly repast, and then lay down to rest in the chief robber's tent.

The next morning he awoke and found himself alone in the tent. But on the other side of the door curtain he heard several voices speaking all together, and, among them, those of the chief and the little man were recognisable. The latter was demanding that Mustapha should at once be put to death, for, should he once more become free, their own safety would be endangered.

Mustapha was greatly disturbed by what he heard, and it was plain to him that he was an object of special hatred to the little man, no doubt because he had been the unwilling instrument of his discomfiture on the previous day. Orbasan, the robber chief, considered for a few moments and then replied, firmly : "No, he is my guest, and my promised hospitality shall not be violated ; and, besides, he does not look like one who would betray us." With these words he drew aside the curtain and entered the tent.

"Peace be with you, Mustapha. Let us drink a parting cup together, and then you shall prepare for your journey." Handing him a cup of sherbet, they drank it off, and Orbasan, himself, prepared to accompany him.

Mustapha mounted his horse with a lighter heart than when he came there the previous day. They soon left the tents behind them, and struck a broad path leading through the woods. Orbasan told his companion that the Bassa whom they had just captured was a neighbouring chieftain who had given his word of honour that he and his men might pass unmolested in and out of his territory ; but, notwithstanding this, he had captured

one of his bravest men and put him to a most cruel death. For some weeks they had been waiting an opportunity to avenge this treachery, and yesterday he had fallen into their hands, to forfeit his life in return for his broken promise.

At the end of the woods Orbasan drew bridle, and, after indicating the rest of the way which Mustapha was to take, he offered him his hand and said: "Mustapha, you have been, in a strange manner, the guest of the robber Orbasan. I will not ask your promise not to betray what you have seen and heard. You have suffered some inconvenience here, and I am in your debt. Take this dagger, and if you are, at any time, in want of aid, send me this signal and I will hasten to your assistance; this purse, too, you will needs want to continue your journey."

Mustapha thanked his guide and took the dagger; the purse, however, he declined to

at the liberality of his host, for the purse was filled with gold pieces. He then thanked Allah for his deliverance, and commending to him the large-hearted robber from whom he had just parted, he once more rode on his way to Balsora.

II.

At noon on the seventh day from starting, Mustapha entered the gates of Balsora. He hastened to the first caravansery, and, dismounting, he made inquiries when the slave-market, which was held in that town every year, would take place; but, what was his dismay to learn that he was already two days too late: the market was over! The caravansery-keeper informed him that he had indeed missed an unusual sight. Among the slaves had been two women of extraordinary beauty, who attracted the admiration of the whole market. And, indeed, the buyers had almost fought over this rare purchase. But

they had been sold for such an enormous price, that only their present owner could afford such a sum. Mustapha showed a great interest in this story, and from what he heard, was convinced that the slaves in question were none other than his sister, Fatma, and her companion, Zoraida. Their purchaser, he learned, was Thiulikos, a rich merchant, who had retired to pass the rest of his life in quiet and rest. His palace was some two days' journey from Balsora.

Mustapha was about to spring again into his saddle and hasten after the objects of his search, but he be-



"MUSTAPHA THANKED HIS GUIDE AND TOOK THE DAGGER."

receive. Orbasan pressed his hand in farewell, and then, throwing the purse upon the ground, set spurs to his steed, and was lost to sight in the woods. Seeing that he would not return to take the purse, Mustapha dismounted to pick it up. He was astonished

thought himself that he was alone and only armed with a dagger, and he would have no chance of success in case of resistance. He, therefore, thought of another plan to attain his purpose. Remembering his near likeness to the Bassa von Suleika,

which had so nearly cost him his life, he determined to personate this man, and thus attempt the rescue of his sister. He, thereupon, hired one or two servants, and with Orbasan's purse of gold, he was enabled to buy horses for them; and then, arraying himself in a jewelled cape, he made towards Thiuli's palace. This was situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, and the palace itself was surrounded by a high wall. On arriving there, Mustapha, to complete his disguise, dyed his moustache black and stained his face with the juice of a plant to give the darker shade of Bassa's skin, and dismounting, he sent one of his servants to request, under the name of Bassa von Suleika, that he might pass the night within the palace.

The servant soon returned, and, with him, four richly clad slaves, who took Mustapha's horse to the courtyard and led him into the palace, up a vast marble stair into the presence of Thiuli-Kos. The latter was an elderly man with a most friendly, affable mien. He set before his guest the best of repasts which his slaves could procure, and, after Mustapha had eaten, he entered easily into conversation with him. They soon brought the talk to the latest news of the slave-market, and Thiuli was high in praise of his two new slaves, who, however, he said, were very dejected in spirit, and seemed to be pining away; this he hoped would not last long. Mustapha was greatly pleased with his reception, and, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, was full of hopes as to his ultimate success.

He had not slept more than an hour when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp, which fell brightly on his eyes. He sprang up as in a dream, and found before him the little, shiny-skinned man whom he had seen in Orbasan's tent. He held a lamp in his hand, and a malicious smile distorted his mouth. Mustapha at first believed he was still dreaming, but, finding that the grinning object was a reality:—

"What can you want in disturbing my rest?" he demanded.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," replied the figure before him; "I can well guess why you have come here, and I have not forgotten your honoured features, although had I not helped with my own hands to hang the real Bassa von Suleika, I might have been deceived by your clever disguise. But what I want here is to ask you one favour."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," asked Mustapha, angered at being found out.

"Simply told," replied the other. "I and Orbasan could no longer agree, so I came here. But you will remember that you were the cause of our little difference, and now I come to ask you to allow your sister to become my wife. If you say 'yes,' I will aid you in rescuing her and her companion; if you refuse, I go and enlighten my master about the new Bassa von Suleika."

Mustapha was beside himself with rage and disappointment. Just when he seemed so near the accomplishment of his plans, this wretch steps in to frustrate all. Only one thing remained for him to do: this little, grinning object must die. With a single bound he leapt from his couch; but the dwarf, anticipating the action, sprang aside, throwing down the lamp, and escaped to raise the alarm of treachery.

Mustapha now gave up all thought of saving his sister, and looked around for means of saving his own life. The window of his room was a considerable height from the ground, but, as he heard voices approaching his door, he was forced to leap out, taking with him his dagger and clothes. The fall was a hard one, but no limbs were broken; he got up and made for the wall which surrounded the palace. To the surprise of his pursuers, he climbed over this and was thus out of danger. He hurried off until he entered a wood some distance away, and there he flung himself down, exhausted. What was he to do next? His horse and his servants were left behind, but he still had his gold, which he carried in his girdle.

His inventive imagination soon discovered another plan. Going on through the wood he came to a little village, where he bought a horse for a low price, and then rode on to the nearest town. Arrived there, he inquired after a physician, and was directed to an old man, credited with great learning and experience. This man he dazzled with his gold pieces, and obtained from him a medicine which would produce a death-like sleep; which, however, could be at any moment counteracted upon administering a second draught. In possession of these drugs, he provided himself with a long gown, a white beard and wig, and numerous medicine cases and boxes. Loading the medicines upon an ass, he disguised himself as a travelling physician and returned to the palace of Thiuli-Kos.

He came slowly up to the palace entrance and announced himself as the Physician Chakamankabudibaba. As he expected, the gullible Thiuli was dazzled by the name, and



"THE DWARF SPRANG ASIDE."

at once invited the physician to his own table. Chakamankabudibaba appeared before his host, who was as affable as he had been the day previous, and he ended by offering to subject all his slaves to the treatment of this learned physician. The latter was scarcely able to disguise his joy at the thought of actually seeing his sister and his loved one, and he followed with beating heart, whilst Thiuli led the way to his seraglio. They entered a lofty chamber, beautifully draped and furnished; but no one was to be seen in it.

"Worthy Chambaba, or whatever your honoured name may be, behold yonder hole in the wall: each of my slaves shall put her arm through there, and you shall feel the pulse, if she is ailing or healthy."

He then drew out a long ivory tablet, on which were written the names of all his slaves, and he called them one by one to put their arms out for the learned physician to treat. The first six were declared to be quite healthy, but the seventh came, and Thiuli read out the name "Fatma." Mustapha's fingers trembled as he laid them upon his sister's

hand, and, shaking his head seriously, he pronounced her to be dangerously ill. Thiuli was greatly concerned, and ordered him to prepare a medicine for her at once. Mustapha went out to make the draught, and, at the same time, he wrote upon a slip of parchment: "Fatma, I can see you if you will take a strong sleeping dose which will make you sleep for two days. I have the means of awakening you again. If you consent to drink it, say that the medicine I now give you has no effect." He then returned with a harmless mixture, felt the patient's pulse once more, and, in doing so, put the note into her hand together with the medicine.

Thiuli seemed to be much moved by the condition of Fatma, and put off the treatment of the other slaves till another day.

On leaving the chamber together, he asked: "Chadibaba, what is the matter with Fatma? She is one of my most costly slaves."

Chakamankabudibaba answered, sighing deeply: "May the Prophet comfort you, she has a falling fever, which may very soon prove fatal."

At this, Thiuli fell into a rage.

"Cursed dog," said he, "you say that ; and shall she who cost me 2,000 gold pieces die like a cow? If you do not save her life you shall lose your head!"

Mustapha saw his mistake, and now reassured his host that she might yet be cured. At that moment a black slave entered to say that the medicine had had no effect.

"Do all that your art can do, Chakambaba, and I will pay you whatever you ask," shrieked out Thiuli, enraged at the thought of losing so much money.

"I will give her a juice which will not fail to cure her," said the physician.

"Yes, yes, give her a juice," sobbed the old man.

Delighted at his success, Mustapha hastened to fetch the sleeping draught, and, handing it to the black slave, gave instructions that it should be taken all at one dose. He then said he must go down to the sea-shore to get some herbs, and slowly left the palace. At the water's edge he stripped off his false clothing and concealed himself among the thick bushes until night came on, when he took his way to the burying-place of the palace.

An hour or more after Mustapha had left the palace a servant appeared before Thiuli with the news that Fatma was dying. He sent at once down to the sea-shore to bring back Chakamankabudibaba in all haste ; but the messenger soon returned and stated that the poor physician had fallen into the water and was drowned, and he had seen his long gown floating about in the waves. Seeing that there was now no help for his favourite slave, Thiuli was quite beside himself: he raged and cursed himself and everybody around him.

Meanwhile, word was brought to him that Fatma lay lifeless in the arms of her attendants. On hearing this he gave orders to make a coffin without an hour's delay—for the superstitious old man could not bear to have a dead body in his house for a single night—and carry the corpse away to the burying-place outside the palace.

The bearers of the coffin accordingly brought their burden ere it was quite dark, and proceeded to lay it in its last resting-place, when, hearing low groans and sighs come from amidst the other tombs, they hastily laid it down and fled in terror.

Mustapha, who was the cause of their flight, now came out of his hiding-place and, lighting a lamp which he had brought for the purpose, he drew out the awakening draught and then began to open the lid of the coffin. What, however, was his astonishment and dismay to find by the light of his lamp a strange face lying

there, and neither his sister, Fatma, nor yet Zoraida! It was some time before he could recover himself from this fresh disappointment of his hopes, but at last his compassion for the creature lying helpless there aroused him, and he poured the potion through her lips. She opened her eyes, breathed deeply, and then seemed to consider where she was. At length, remembering what had taken place, she got up and threw herself at the feet of her deliverer.

"How can I thank you," said she, "for rescuing me from that frightful captivity?"

Mustapha, interrupting her words, asked how it was that she and not his sister, Fatma, had escaped.

For a moment she looked at him in



"A STRANGE FACE."

surprise, then exclaimed: "Now I begin to see through it; now it is quite clear to me how I have been saved. They call me Fatma in the palace, and it was to me that you gave the bit of parchment and the medicine."

Mustapha then inquired after his sister, and learned that both she and Zoraida were within the palace, but in accordance with Thiuli's custom, they bore other names, and were called Mirza and Nurmahal.

Mustapha was greatly disheartened, and, as this showed itself in his face, Fatma tried to encourage him and informed him that she knew of a plan by which his sister and her friend might yet be saved. He was inspired with fresh hope on hearing this, and begged her to tell him of her plan. She then began:—

"I have been five months in yonder prison, but all the time I had been looking round for means of escape; but, for a solitary girl, the task was too hard. You will no doubt have noticed a fountain in the inner courtyard of the palace, the water flowing from ten jets. This fountain attracted my attention. I remembered we had one also in my father's castle which was supplied with water through broad pipes. In order to learn if this fountain was made in the same way, I admired its splendour one day in Thiuli's presence. He replied: 'That is all my own design, and what you see is but the least part of it. The water comes from a lake half a mile distant from here, and is brought here through a vaulted passage as high as yourself, and all of it is my own design.' Often since then have I wished for a man's arms to lift up a marble block from the fountain side, then I might have been free! I can show you the passage and the fountain, but you will require at least two men with you if you attempt to get into the palace, as two armed slaves always guard the entrance of the seraglio."

This was, then, Fatma's plan. Mustapha, although twice defeated, was filled again with hopes, and believed that, with the Prophet's blessing, he might yet succeed in accomplishing the new device. He promised to conduct Fatma to her own home if she would first assist him in showing the way into the palace, but here he was at a loss where to find two trusty men to help him. He then remembered the dagger which Orbasan had given him, and he at once resolved to find out the robber chief and claim his promised aid. Leading his companion to the nearest town, he left her in charge of a poor woman until he should return, and with the last of

his gold he bought him a horse and rode off at once by the road he had come—towards Orbasan's camp.

In two days he found the tents still there, and went boldly forward into Orbasan's presence. He related his futile attempts to rescue his sister, and when he told him of his disguise as Chakamankabudibaba, the robber could not repress a smile; but on hearing of the treachery of his late deserted dwarf he was greatly incensed, and swore to hang the traitor up on the spot where he would find him. He promised to come with Mustapha as soon as his horses were rested after their long ride, and once more Mustapha passed a night within the robber's tent. Early next morning they started, Orbasan and three of his bravest men, and made for the town where Fatma was to await them. After two days' riding they arrived there, and, taking Fatma with them, they proceeded to a wood within sight of the palace, there to await the darkness.

Soon after dark they went, led by Fatma, to the lake, and soon found the vaulted passage. One man remained with Fatma and the horses at the opening, while the others proceeded to enter. Once more, before leaving her, Fatma described minutely the plan of the palace court: they were to remove the marble slab at the fountain side, and would then find themselves in the inner court. On each side were two corridors with entrances to apartments occupied by the female slaves. Fatma and Zoraida were in the chamber through the sixth door on the right, guarded by two black slaves. Orbasan and his men then entered the vaulted passage, and, wading waist deep in water, they made their way to the fountain. Armed with irons, they soon loosened the slab and opened a way into the court. Orbasan scrambled through first, and helped the others up after him. They found the corridors and apartments as had been described to them, but as one door on the right had been bricked up, they were uncertain whether to count this one or not. They did not hesitate long, but Orbasan, marching up to the sixth door, gently opened it, and found within a large porch where six slaves lay sleeping upon the ground. Perceiving this was the wrong door, they were about to withdraw, when a dark figure raised itself in one corner, and the well-known voice of the shiny-skinned dwarf began calling for help. In a second Orbasan had seized him by the throat and stopped his cries. Tearing off his girdle, he bound his arms behind his back, and, before

the other slaves had well awakened, they were served in like manner. With Orbasan's sword pointing to his neck, the dwarf informed them where Mirza and Nurmahal were kept. Mustapha hastened into their room, where they had been awakened by the noise, told them to gather up their things and follow him, and they would be free! Orbasan's men then begged to be allowed to plunder some of these luxurious apartments, but this he refused.

"It shall not be said," replied he, "that Orbasan breaks into houses by night to steal."

Mustapha and one of the others then descended into the vault, bearing with them the two captives, whilst Orbasan and the other man remained behind. Taking a cord which they had with them, they then passed it round the dwarf's neck, and left him

hanging on the highest spout of the fountain. After thus repaying the traitor for his conduct, they also entered the vault and followed the others through it.

Mustapha and his sister were boundless in their gratitude to Orbasan for his noble assistance, but he advised them to continue, without a moment's delay, their flight, as it was almost certain that Thiuli-Kos would

send pursuers in all directions. They then separated with much emotion from their deliverer. Fatma, the other freed slave, went disguised to Balsora, where she could get shipped to her own home, while Mustapha and his companions returned to their father's house. The old man was overcome with joy at again seeing his daughter, and rewarded Mustapha by giving his willing consent to his marriage with Zoraida.

